

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 25, 1963

25 CENTS

## LISTON AND THE BIG MUDDLE



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HEAVYWEIGHTS



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## HEADS UP LOOK



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## Next week

**THE MASTERS' MOJO** is dramatized in 10 pages of fascinating color, then scoring reports assess Palmer vs. Player vs. Nicklaus—and eight others who threaten the Big Three.

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL** moves to Louisville, where in two decisive days it will settle its championships. John Underwood describes the on-court action and the winning strategies.

**PHOOEY ON FITNESS** is one conclusion viewers will draw from NBC's Dick Powell Theater next Tuesday. Huston Horn tells how this fight-filled drama was put together, and why.



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## POINT OF FACT

**An NBA championship playoff quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of fans**

7 *Boston has won the last four consecutive championships (1959-1962). What other teams have won in successive years?*

• Only the Minneapolis Lakers (now Los Angeles). They won two in a row (1949 and 1950), then took three straight playoffs from 1952 through 1954.

7 *Has any team won the championship without finishing first in its own division?*

• Yes. The old Baltimore Bullets in 1948, Minneapolis in 1949 and 1952, and the Rochester Royals in 1951. In every case the team finished second in the Western Division.

7 *Of the current NBA teams, which ones have failed to win a championship—either in their present cities or earlier ones?*

• The Detroit Pistons, when in Fort Wayne (and I, were in the final only twice (1955 and 1956) and lost both times. The New York Knickerbockers are the only original NBA team still playing that hasn't won a championship. They were Eastern Division titleholders twice but were beaten in the final three straight years (1951-1953). Chicago's original NBA team made the first championship playoff in 1947, only to be beaten by Philadelphia. It dropped out of the league after the 1950 season and Chicago didn't have another NBA representative until last year, when the franchise was revived.

7 *Has any team won the final in four straight games?*

• Just one, the Boston Celtics. They shut out Minneapolis for the 1959 championship, after being extended to seven games in the Eastern semifinals with Syracuse.

7 *With Chamberlain of Philadelphia (now San Francisco) scored 36 points in a playoff game against Syracuse in 1962. Has anyone made more points in a single playoff game?*

• Yes. The Lakers' Elgin Baylor scored 61 points against Boston in the fifth game of the 1962 final. He sank 22 of 46 field-goal attempts (both championship records) to lead Los Angeles to a 126-121 win.

—MARY ANN GOULD





The Drum Major, 2nd Battalion, Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada, heads the Highland Games Parade, Antigonish, Nova Scotia

## CANADA...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

ALTHOUGH Canadians of Scottish descent are far from a majority group, you'll find that hard to believe when you visit Canada. From one ocean to another, Scottish regiments, massed pipe bands, Highland Games and Gaelic gatherings abound. And visitors (even those without Scottish blood) find their eyes misting and their pace quickening when the strains of "A Hundred Pipers" greet them. Nova Scotia, understandably, has a full calendar of Scottish events, notably the Gathering of the Clans in Pugwash on July 1; the Highland Games in Antigonish, mid-July; and the Gaelic Mod in St. Ann's in early August. Wherever you go in Canada this summer, you'll be within a caber's toss of a stirring Scottish festival. To help you plan your visit, we'll gladly send you our new Canadian Vacation Package. It includes "Calendar of Events in Canada," listing the principal holiday attractions for every province. Mail the coupon today.

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# SCORECARD

## LIPPY AGAIN

The Los Angeles Dodgers are afraid that Leo Durocher's forthcoming memoirs will further muddy the already troubled waters that flow in the Dodger organization. Leo will repeat his criticism of Manager Walt Alston's handling of the team last season, and when that happens, the Dodgers would seem to have little choice but to ax the Lip.

## MOSS'S DREAM

Irrepressible, bouncy Stirling Moss, the race driver's race driver, is back in the motor business again, though not as a driver. All but killed in an accident in England a year ago, and a victim of brain damage that may well prevent his ever racing again, Moss has become an associate director of David Ogle Associates Ltd., British industrial design consultants. A month after Stirling's crash, Ogle himself was killed in an automobile accident.

Now Moss is putting on the drawing boards for Ogle's old company the design for his own personal dream car—a 100-mph, four-seater Grand Touring saloon with looks that Moss insists will be "elegant." Price: under \$6,000.

## DOUBLE-HANDED IRISHMAN

The departure of Notre Dame Football Coach Joe Kuharich to take a post with the National Football League (he will be an aide to Pete Rozelle) clears the road for Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty to move to South Bend in 1964. In the appointment of Hugh Devore to succeed Kuharich the key word in the announcement was "interim."

Presbyterian though he be, Duffy has two Irish names and a Catholic wife, but over and beyond that he has beaten Notre Dame seven times in eight games, dropping only the 1954 opener of the series to Terry Brennan, and that by a single point. In the past seven games the Irish have scored only six touchdowns against the Spartans. These are statistics that Notre Dame folks appreciate.

Daugherty has told close friends over

the past two years that the Notre Dame job is the best in the country and that he would leave Michigan State only to go there. Then there is the fact that Biggie Munn, athletics director, has grown bigger by the year at Michigan State and that he and Daugherty just do not get along. Biggie won't let Duffy off campus long enough to make the public relations-recruiting trips he once was accustomed to.

If the move comes to pass, the best bet to replace Duffy at Michigan State would be either Dan Devine of Missouri or Nebraska's Bob Devaney. Both are former Munn assistants.

## FOR THE SURE THING BOYS

Awaiting Governor Grant Sawyer's signature this week is a bill passed by the Nevada Assembly that would permit "no contest" decisions in fights in which one of the boxers has been disabled by a low blow.

It is a well-intentioned bill, stemming from the indignation of the crowd when Emile Griffith retained his welterweight title on a technical knockout last December after Jorge Fernandez claimed a disabling foul. But it plays directly into the hands of crooked gamblers. If Kid Foxy is losing, and heavy money has been bet on him, including some of his own, he has only to foul his opponent and all bets are off.

## THEY SAID IT

- Red Auerbach, Boston Celtic coach, after his Bob Cousy was described as the greatest contribution to Americana since the Statue of Liberty: "No comparison, she hasn't got the moves."

- Eddie LeBaron, Dallas Cowboy quarterback, explaining he had to leave a luncheon early to make a business trip: "A man just called in from Amarillo and wants to buy four season tickets. I'm flying them to him."

- Jake Gibbs, the highest-priced bonus player in New York Yankee history, after a week of being tested as a catcher at batting practice: "Still got all my fingers. I guess I can do it."

- Murray Halberg, Olympic champion and holder of several world records, after being told Jim Beatty had broken his two-mile indoor record: "That's very good. Records are made to be broken. Someone else will break it pretty soon, but it certainly won't be me."

- Jim Piersall, Washington outfielder, recalling his feud with the Cleveland press, told Birdie Tebbetts, new Indian manager: "You ought to be glad about the newspaper strike in that town. Now you might last out the whole season as manager."

## FREELoader FREEWAY

The world's first and only official pedestrian overpass exclusively for squirrels is under construction in Longview, Wash., a lumber town on the north bank of the Columbia River, and it will be dedicated, with ribbon-cutting and speeches by dignitaries, on March 30. It will span the 60-foot Olympia Way from Library Park to an office building, one of whose tenants is a tenderhearted dentist, if that is conceivable. The dentist, Joseph Sweeney, has for the past three years been doling out peanuts to park squirrels, a custom that has led to their crossing the street morning and afternoon



and to the traffic deaths of at least five of them. When he stopped the handouts they continued to come across the street anyway and, furthermore, they looked at him wistfully.

A general building contractor, Amos J. Peters, also tenderhearted, noticed a mashed squirrel on the street one day and made inquiries. He then volunteered

continued



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## SCORECARD

to build the overpass—a suspension type. Peters confessed that in doing so he felt like "some kind of a nut." Councilwoman Bess La Riviere topped that by naming it Nutty Narrows Bridge.

A graceful arrangement, strung 18 feet above Olympia Way from one giant tree to another, the overpass will have, suspended from its center, a 10-foot aluminum span very like a miniature Golden Gate Bridge. A sign hanging from the span will bear the name Nutty Narrows Bridge and will be decorated with paintings of squirrels in lumberjack outfits. Entrances to the span will feature ceramic squirrels, to keep away cats.

How will the squirrels be taught to use the bridge? Peters has that solved. For a few days he will run a trail of nuts across it.

## THE TITANIC NAPONICKS

The population of Straw Pump, Pa., is normally 575 but lately it has been swollen by an influx of courtng football and basketball coaches. The object of their affections is John Naponick, who stands 6 feet 9½ inches, weighs 285 pounds and is a senior at Norwin High School, where he has been an all-state tackle in football, scored a record 126 points in four Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic basketball playoff games and is a B-plus student. Naponick has shot a round of 75 at golf, too.

The colleges that don't get Big John, and so far 100 have tried, might well take a look at Little Paul, his kid brother. Still growing, Paul is 6 feet 3, weighs 200 pounds and recently scored 30 points and had 31 rebounds in a junior high western Pennsylvania interscholastic game. He averaged 25.1 points per game.

## ILL-TEMPERED BLADES

The reason behind all those fights that occur in professional hockey has, to some of us, been a mystery. Why so many in hockey and so relatively few in the roughly similar game of basketball? Now it seems that the mystery is all but solved. A team of psychologists from the University of Uppsala in Sweden watched the world hockey championships at Stockholm with special interest because they have been studying nerve strain among hockey players. One of their number reported.

"We have selected ice hockey for our psychological studies because this is the

sport which is most conducive to nervous tension. In big matches the players are subjected to tremendous nervous strain, oscillating between great acceleration and abrupt stops. The effect of this on their finely balanced reactions is exceptional. The usual reaction for a person suffering nervous strain is to go about in a state of constant ill temper."

That's as good an explanation for Howie (Wild Man) Young as we have heard.

#### CURVE BALL

Don Jackson, a businessman and baseball fan from Eastchester, N.Y., telephoned a Westchester hotel the other day to arrange a luncheon. He had given a similar luncheon there a year earlier, and it had been such a success that he decided to do it again. He asked to speak to the lady who took care of such arrangements. He remembered her name. It was a baseball name and it stuck in his head. "Mrs. Stengel, please," he said. To his surprise the operator replied, "Sorry. No Mrs. Stengel here." Jackson said, "Are you sure? She was there last year." "Oh, I think you're wrong, sir," said the operator. "I've been here for years, and we've never had a Mrs. Stengel in my time." A bit desperate by now, Jackson said, "I know she was there. She handled the arrangements for a luncheon of mine. I remember her name because it was a baseball name. Stengel." The operator cut in. "Hold it," she said. "Hold it. I think I have your party. Do you think it could have been our Mrs. Darocher?"

#### THERE IS NO JOY IN PANGUITCH

Our readers will be saddened to hear that Panguitch didn't make it. The high school from the little town in Utah (SI, March 4) was upset by Union High in the first round of the state basketball tournament. Foster Davis, in his Sinclair station on U.S. Highway 89, said, "I feel bad." Harry DeLong, the town barber, said, "Nobody feels much like talking. The boys were bragged to high heaven, and maybe they were a little overconfident. They could beat that team nine out of 10 times." Clarence Cameron, in the New Western Hotel, said, "The law of averages. The boys must have felt they had an easy game. But shucks—they're a credit to the community. All the publicity they brought us. All the excitement."

After the upset, Union lost two

(continued)



## Young David Budge likes this sport coat because it lets him relax, stay neat, too. It has "Dacron"

"Dacron" lets a young man relax without looking wrinkled. He can depend on this sport coat of 55% "Dacron", 45% worsted to keep him looking his best. With "Dacron" a sport coat keeps its shape in any weather. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Goldwater's, Phoenix; Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Hutzler's, Baltimore; F & R Lazarus, Columbus; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; other fine stores. Suit & sport coat impeccably tailored by ISIDORE AARONSON.

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### SCORECARD *continued*

straight while Panguitch swept through three successive opponents to win the consolation tournament. Panguitch Coach Bob Davis said, "I don't want to take anything away from Union—they played better ball—but I don't know what happened. You'd think we'd never played the game of basketball in our lives. We were tense—23 wins in a row, and all that publicity. I guess it was coming, but I wish it had waited."

### CHAMPIONS BY DEFAULT

The North American Alpine Championships at Stowe, Vt. early this month should have been one of the most significant and exciting race meetings of the winter's skiing competition. The prestige inherent in its title should have been sufficient to classify the event as a full-fledged Olympic tryout involving all the best American Alpine racers. It should have been a major event leading to the selection of next year's U.S. Olympic team, along with the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley and the Nationals in Alaska next month.

Sadly, it missed on all counts. The United States Ski Association relegated the championships to the status of a regional Olympic tryout. As such, it was distinguished not by topflight competition but by an almost total lack of top-flight competitors. Chuck Fennes, Buddy Werner, Jimmy Heuga and a host of western skiers stayed away. "The trip east," said U.S. Olympic Coach Bob Beattie, "just cost too much for the importance of the race." Absence of so many stars was damaging to the prestige of the race itself and unfair to the racers who won a North American championship that, under the circumstances, wasn't a North American anything.

At the finish of the slalom Ralph Des Roches, chief fund raiser for the U.S. Ski Association, said that this year's competitions budget had already been oversubscribed by some \$25,000. Assuming that some of the top skiers stayed away from Stowe because of the traveling expenses involved, we wonder if some of the surplus funds might not be designated, next time the event is held, for transportation and other necessities for all the top racers in the U.S.? And while they are about it, might not the U.S. Ski Association elevate the North American championships to a position somewhat higher than, say, the championships of northwest Vermont?

END



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# THE HEAVYWEIGHT MUDDLE

Sonny Liston pulls up lame, challenger Floyd Patterson is ashamed and loud Cassius Clay turns out to be an illogical contender

by ROBERT BOYLE and MORTON SHARNIK

Once upon a time—say a week ago—all was order and serenity in the heavyweight picture. Sonny Liston was the champ. Floyd Patterson would get a return shot at him on April 10 in Miami Beach. And coming up hard behind was a logical contender, Cassius Clay ("Liston must fall in four"). But suddenly the whole heavyweight picture turned once more into the scene of chaos that has often characterized it since Rocky Marciano retired. Liston announced that he was having the miseries in his left knee. His manager, Concessionaire Jack Nilon, thereupon said the Patterson fight was off indefinitely. Meanwhile, the broody Patterson was having troubles of his own. He was still concerned about the "shame" of being destroyed last September and, on top of that, he was on the outs with his manager, Gus D'Amato. And to complete the confusion, Cassius Clay, the "logical" contender, proved to be made of papier-mâché in a fight that he barely managed to win from Doug Jones (see page 16).

The beginnings of this tangled tale came a month ago, when Liston pitched camp by the pool of the Casablanca Hotel in Miami Beach. Shortly after he arrived, he hurt his knee swinging a golf club for a freelance photographer. Nilon promptly called in two local doctors, Duke B. Baird and Patrick J. Barry, who said Sonny probably had strained a ligament, though there was a chance he had torn a cartilage. They told him to stop training until the knee felt better. Sonny laid off for 17 days, and the fight, originally scheduled for April 4, was put back to April 10. Two weeks ago, Drs. Baird and Barry examined Sonny in his

cabana by the pool. They said it looked as though the strain had healed. They told Sonny he could resume training but to take it easy at first. Sonny beamed with delight. Even with his bum knee, Liston said Patterson didn't have a chance. "With my leg cut off, they might say it's a close fight," Sonny laughingly boasted. Nilon went along with the gag, but warned, "Sonny will not fight unless he's in perfect condition."

None of this reassured the promoter of the fight, Championship Sports, Inc., Roy Cohn's outfit. April 10 represented their last chance to get a money crowd in Miami Beach; after Passover the town is dead. They were well aware of the fact that Nilon had never wanted the fight there, but in Baltimore, where he has the concessions for the new arena. (Unlike orthodox fight managers, who think about the gate money alone, Nilon also thinks of Liston in terms of hot dogs, hamburgers and parked cars.)

Moreover, Nilon had made no secret of his dislike for Cohn and company. He refused to be seen with any of them in Miami Beach, and he went around knocking them loudly as "a bunch of rank amateurs." He and Liston also publicly predicted that the fight would draw poorly. "They could put this fight in a phone booth and it wouldn't sell out," said Sonny. "If you had to pay, would you go?" But there apparently was little either Nilon or Liston could do. CSI held the rematch contract in which Patterson had the right to name the site.

Then last weekend Nilon announced that Sonny's knee was hurting again and that the fight was postponed in-

continued

*With his mind "turned off," Patterson sits in the corner of the ring at Chicago, awaiting fate and Sonny Liston, seated in the foreground. Floyd says, "It was a disgraceful fight on my part."*

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

definitely. He said that Sonny would fly to Chicago for a week of rest and then be examined by a specialist. The specialist would tell Liston to fight or to have surgery. In any event, said Nilon, "the fight is positively off for at least a month. The earliest Sonny can fight is the second week in May. We want the fight. We want to get rid of it, and the sooner the better. I don't have to say why." The "why" he didn't say is that Cohn and company have Sonny legally boxed in for the rematch. What Nilon also didn't say is that the Preknex falls on May 18 in Baltimore, and a fight that weekend would probably draw a fine crowd. With Clay now a clown instead of a contender, at least pro tem, Nilon and Liston need big money fast, and Nilon has always said Baltimore was best.

On Sunday morning Cohn and company reluctantly conceded defeat. Their feeling was that, while Liston had undoubtedly strained the ligament originally, Nilon was now using it as a pummick to dictate terms. "Nilon's a Machiavellian wise guy," said Harold Conrad, the publicity man. "Liston's supposed to be resting his leg, and he's going nightclubbing. He's all over town!" Fortunately for Fred Brooks, Cohn's friend who is in charge of SportsVision, the outfit handling the closed-circuit TV, there is a non-appearance insurance policy that will offset most losses. But CSI is not so lucky, and Cohn probably will blow \$50,000 invested in the Miami Beach fiasco. "CSI had insurance on every fight but this one," Brooks said. "Wouldn't you know it?"

Even before this whole uproar started, there were unusual developments in both the Liston and Patterson camps. Contrary to rumors that Sonny was fat and sloppy, he looked fit a week ago Sunday when he resumed training by the Casablanca pool. He was perhaps 10 or 15 pounds above his usual fighting weight of 215, but his hips were slim, and he took his customary pounding in the stomach with a 14-pound medicine ball thrown by his trainer, Willie Reddish. In fact, Liston's first performance was excitingly impressive. His punching was sharp, and his timing was on. The crowd got a big kick watching his fancy footwork as he skipped rope to a thundering recording of *Night Train*. He has remarkable coordination and rhythm. Because of his size, people often assume he is slow and awkward. Actually, he is as graceful and gifted an athlete as one could want to see, and a number of knowing boxing men consider him the finest heavyweight since Joe Louis.

The day before Liston resumed training he showed the film of the September fight in a private dining room of the Casablanca. He sat in the dark, grinning as the crowd on the screen booed him. When he and Patterson met for the referee's instructions, he glared at Floyd. "See Sonny stare him down?" Nilon exulted. Liston disagreed. "Why should I want to stare him down?" he asked. "Watch, this is what makes him nervous—when the bell sounds."

Liston watched the rest of the film in silence. When it was over he said, "I should have had him the first two punches. He was faster duckin' down than I thought he was. I should have been aimin' at his chest instead of his head, and then I would have caught him. I'll train for speed. I got the reach. He can't fight out, he gotta come in. What can he do? What's

the style where they fight with their feet? Siam? Yeah, well they ain't brought that over yet."

He dismissed the idea of Patterson's using his speed to get in and out quickly. "Get in and get out?" he asked in amazement. "Get in and get out—that's what I made sure he did!" He laughed. "The only thing I say is to have the people in the theaters holler, 'It's a rerun, but they cut it!'"

He had scant regard for any other contenders. "Johannson should be arrested," he said. "Hey, Jack," he called across the room to a wining Nilon, "give me Johannson for a birthday present!" Clay, who had yet to look bad against Jones, drew a snort, though Clay would be a big money fight. "Why, I could pay my doctors' bills," Sonny said. "The only thing I'd have to do with Clay is a lot of roadwork—because he's gonna run like a thief." Clay had first predicted that Liston would fall in six should they meet, but Liston said, "By the time of the sixth round, I'll be halfway through the victory party, Clay! Let me tell you a story. Once I was in the country on a very cold day. Very cold. It was snowin', it was snowin' hard. I was out in a field. The snow was about four feet deep. And there was a little bird shiverin' up on a branch in a tree. It was cold, and he had no food. Up above in the sky was a hawk circlin' around. Just circlin'. All of a sudden a big white horse comes along, and he puts some manure under the tree. The little bird sees this, and he flies down from the branch and has himself a good meal. He's so happy! He flies back up to the branch, where he starts singin'. 'Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.' And the big hawk circlin' up in the sky hears him, and he swoops down and eats him! And the moral of the story is don't get too frisky when you're full of manure."

Around the Casablanca, Liston was affable with the guests. But with reporters he was sometimes sullen. Asked a question, he would look the other way. Then again he would call a question stupid (Liston: "That was a stupid question." Reporter: "It was a bantering question." Liston: "Don't give me any bantering questions") Nilon said Liston was only kidding. "If Sonny calls you a hum, he likes you," Nilon explained. "If he calls you a blanking bum, you're in. And if he calls you a no-good blanking bum, you're really a friend."

The latest delay in the fight didn't exactly cheer Floyd Patterson's spirits. Knocked out in 2:06 of the first round last September, he has been brooding for close to six months now. After his defeat he escaped home, disguised in a false beard, and at his training camp in Tropical Park he talked ironically of the rematch. "Thousands of people will bring stopwatches," he said, starting to giggle. "All through the first round they'll be looking at those watches. After two minutes they'll start to count—2:01, 2:02, 2:03—and when it gets to 2:07 they'll jump up and start clapping and cheering. 'Yea, hurray for Floyd!' Even if I get knocked out the next second they'll say I lasted longer. They'll say, 'Yes, sir, Floyd Patterson is sure an improved fighter.'"

To Patterson's surprise, the crowds at his camp were sizable and enthusiastic. At the start he had joked, "Frankly, I doubt if anyone will come out here for my workouts. Certainly not if I charge them a dollar. Maybe if I make it a quarter and give Green Stamps I'll get one or two to come."

In his workouts Floyd, under the supervision of his trainers, Dan Florio and Buster Watson, made sure he



*Sidelined from training, Sonny bubbles beneath a shattering pain.*

carried his right hand high to stop Liston's heavy gun, the left hook. On the attack one day last week, he concentrated on straight right-hand punches, the kind that would beat through the arc of Liston's hooks. He always came snapping back with the right to guard his jaw.

No matter how formidable Liston is, Patterson is determined to redeem himself when the time comes. He is haunted by the first fight and by D'Amato's reluctance to make it. D'Amato has been absent from the camp. "I don't think my manager wants to be my manager," Floyd said. "What's the expression about leaving a sinking ship?" D'Amato, he said, did everything in his power to prevent the first fight with Liston. "Cus made it seem like I was ducking Liston because I was afraid of him," Floyd said. "And after the match was made he acted around the camp as if I were a kid going against my father. He never did warm up. When I needed him most he was very cool.

"Nobody wanted me to make the fight [because of Liston's unsavory background]. The NAACP, Senator Ke-fauver, boxing commissioners, everybody was telling me not to make the fight. I had every out possible. The letters from all those people disturbed me, so I finally got off by myself. I asked myself, should I or shouldn't I? Personally, I believed it was my obligation as champion to give the No. 1 challenger a chance at the title. Else what right would I have to call myself champion? If Liston was undesirable, why did they allow him to fight his way up to the No. 1

spot? But since they did, I didn't have the right to pass judgment. From the time I made the Liston match, letters poured in telling me I got to beat Liston for the good of this or the good of that. It seemed to build up in my mind so that it was no longer a fight but a matter of state importance. It became," said Floyd, smiling wryly, "the people's fight, and the people lost.

"I seemed to be thinking all the time I was training for the fight, and when I got to the fight my mind just turned off. I knew millions upon millions of people would be watching, including the President. It was a disgraceful fight on my part, and I was shamed. But it wasn't as bad as the sportswriters made it out to be.

"I believe if a man accepts defeat without shame that his spirit is already beaten. My shame is my goad. This fight will be better. How much better I won't say. It's just not my way. I've never predicted what I will do. And after the fight is over, I never discredit my opponent, because to do that would cheapen my own efforts and skills. I may not sound confident, but it's what's inside that counts and nobody can see that. No matter how discouraged I may sound, it never has anything to do with my fighting ability. The only thing that surprised me about Liston was that he knocked me out. What will be different about this fight? This time I know what Liston can do, but I don't think he knows what I'm capable of."

While Floyd has been in Florida, D'Amato has been in England, campaigning with another one of his fighters. In an interview with SI Correspondent John Lovesey, D'Amato denied that he was on the outs but what he went on to say is hardly calculated to build confidence in Floyd.

"I resent the people around Patterson who have distracted him," D'Amato said. "Their influence has stolen his attention to the extent that he cannot put up a performance that one would expect of him, and neither can he use the assets at his command.

"The lawyer and these promoters have confused Floyd's actions. They are responsible for such a lot of things. The business of the beard and so on. I'm completely confident that without distractions Floyd would have proved himself superior to Sonny Liston."

Liston, D'Amato explained, "is an orthodox fighter. And an orthodox fighter is predictable. He can be coped with." In the September fight, D'Amato said, Patterson was supposed to move in and out quickly on Liston. But instead of getting outside he stood only a foot away, giving Liston punching room for the knockout blows.

"Only a distracted or inexperienced fighter would have made that mistake," D'Amato said. Patterson, he went on, "did not feel Liston out in the alert and proper manner. He did something careless. He was like a man who has had a quarrel with his wife before crossing the street. His mind is elsewhere, his eyes aren't fully opened, and he's likely to be knocked down by a car. Liston was not better than him then, and he's not better now. The Patterson Liston defeated was not the fighter Floyd Patterson. It was the body, but not the arms, the legs and the mind. If he's rid himself of his distractions, he can beat Liston. Then he will show people what I've always said about him. To see a man beaten not by a better opponent but by himself is a disturbing thing to witness. It is a tragedy."

## A COMEUPPANCE FOR THE COCKSURE CASSIUS

by HUSTON HORN

**H**ow tall are you?" said Cassius Clay to Douglas Jones the other day. "Why do you ask that?" said Jones, warily. "So's I can know in advance how far to step back when you fall in four," said Cassius merrily, and waltzed away with his knot of laughing admirers.

Jones did not fall in four, or six, or at any other time during his 10-round fight last week with the humptious Clay. What did fall as a consequence was a chunk of the prestige Clay has spent the last two years developing, partly with his muscle but mostly with his mouth. And though he won the decision, Clay was roundly jeered by the hulk of 18,732 fans in Madison Square Garden. It was a sorry showing for the man who thinks he is ready for Sonny Liston.

Not that the best can't have their off nights. But this must have been Clay's offest, his worst professional fight ever. In a sense, it may have been his first professional fight. Doug Jones, even in defeat, is far ahead of any man Clay has fought before. "Welcome to the big time," Jones said in effect—and graphically—to Clay in the first round with a dizzying right to the head that stopped Clay cold in his tracks. And Jones was still saying it, if haltingly—at the end.

"But Cassius, you looked like an amateur," said Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, the next day.

"I sure underestimated that man," said Clay.

"I can't think of anything Clay did well," said Doug Jones bitterly, nursing no wound except that to his spirit and firmly convinced that the officials had been out to lunch when they totted up their scorecards. The two judges scored it 5-4-1 for Clay. The referee—Lord forgive him, for it was his first big fight and he knew not what he was doing—scored it 8-1-1 for Clay. But televisioner Sonny Liston, though unimpressed, said Clay had won.

Of course, Clay did do some things well, and principal among these (discounting for the moment his singlehanded job of building up a gate that netted him somewhere around \$45,000 and Jones \$40,000) was the comeback he made in the final rounds to save himself from sure defeat. "I told him in the corner after the seventh," said Dundee, "he could kiss Tomato Red goodbye." The reference was to Cassius' ambition at the moment, which is to own an \$8,000 Cadillac convertible painted tomato-red and promised to him as a bonus

*His arms leaden, Clay lifts his gloves in a weary, spiritless salute.*



by his sponsors. "I'd forgot all about that, I'd been so busy trying to keep that Jones off me," said Cassius later. "Dundee shook me up. I came out in the eighth saying, 'So long, Dougie, hello, Tomato Red.'"

If that, or something else did it ("Sheer will, heart and guts did it," said Bill Faversham, Clay's manager), Clay had the gumption then to demonstrate how good a fighter he can be, and for the last three rounds looked, a little bit at least, like the fighter he says he can be. But once Clay had failed to knock Jones out in the fourth, as he had predicted he would, the crowd became blind to all his later efforts. Because Clay lost that fourth-round battle, too many convinced themselves that Jones won the war—which is illogical in any case and untrue in this one. Jones fought one of the best fights of his career, but Clay, fighting his worst, still got the fair decision.

Naturally, Clay's showing looked all the worse because he himself had contributed hugely to the idea that he is invincible. Gullible people, when they discover he is not, feel duped and turn against him. Clay is wise enough to know this—but to know at the same time that it is box office. For a week before the fight he worked on the nerves of New York and managed to sell out the Garden for the first time in six years.

Clay began by reading bad poetry about himself to a handful of beatniks and a lot of huffed sportswriters in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse prophetically named The Bitter End. Thereafter he bounced in and out of radio and newspaper interviews like a ping-pong ball, shook hands on street corners, prattled and pranced with Johnny Carson on NBC's *Tonight* show, for which trouble Carson repaid him by announcing later the public "had been had" and that Jones won.

New York, a town without newspapers, was fully aware of who had taken charge, and when the retiring Jones finally let press agents talk him into holding a drum with the lamentable legend "Best Clay" upon it, the effect was more to be poked than censured. "While Doug was snoring his head off somewhere, I was doing the work of 10 men making him some money," said Clay. "And me only a boy." At 21, he's five years younger than Jones, two years more inexperienced in pro fights. "Man, I was so tired out it ain't no wonder I wasn't at my greatest best."

Needled into the proper frame of mind by Clay, the crowd hoed lustily when he entered the ring. Underdog Jones got the applause—not because anyone cared whether he won him because, like most of us, he is too slow-witted to hold his own with the Cassius Clays of the world, the ones whom we secretly admire.

No one could admire Clay's predicament in the first round, however, when Jones's initiative got him off to a fast start. Jones had never fought a man with Clay's rocnoco style before, but the way he laid into Cassius proved him fearless. "I knew I had been hit," said Clay later of Jones's hard right to his head, the most telling punch in the fight.

*continued on page 36*



*Sleepy and exhausted, Cassius burns out early at victory party.*

The South was stirred—and more than a bit confused—last week by sensational charges of a rigged college football game. It may well be replayed before long, but this time in a courtroom

by DAN JENKINS

## A DEBATABLE FOOTBALL

Alerted to the possibility of a Southeastern Conference football scandal (SI, March 18), people all over the South last week seemed to be claiming inside knowledge. A professional football scout passing through Athens, Ga., got much of the story from a man in a restaurant. When the scout got to Atlanta, a soda jerk filled in the gaps. A taxi driver in Birmingham, Ala., had heard just about the same tale. And a lawyer from Atlanta heard it on a golf course in Washington, D.C.

Nearly everyone involved in or interested in southeastern football had heard at least something, but the first purportedly detailed account did not come until late in the week when *The Saturday Evening Post* confirmed that it would publish in its March 23 issue what it called "a shocking report of how Wally Butts and 'Bear' Bryant rigged a game last fall." The report was shocking indeed, for it accused Butts of selling out the University of Georgia, where he had been a most successful head football coach for 22 years. The report said that a week before the 1962 season's opening game between the two schools Butts had given to Bryant, head coach at the University of Alabama, an outline of Georgia plays and defensive patterns. Alabama, a 14-to-17-point favorite, thereupon won by a score of 35-0—double the expected spread. At the time of the alleged sellout, Butts was director of athletics at Georgia, having been supplanted as coach by Johnny Griffith. Butts has since resigned as director, saying that the move was for "purely personal and business reasons." His resignation came after he was questioned about the report.

Before the *Post* could reach the newsstands, or even release its story to the wire services, the charges crashed through TV tubes in Atlanta, where Butts and his attorney, William H. Schroder Jr., freshly returned from a Birmingham meeting with Bryant and his attorneys, publicly

presented denials. They also declared Butts will sue the *Post* for as much as \$10 million. Hours later the FBI, the governor of Georgia, Senator McClellan and the Southeastern Conference belatedly announced they were investigating.

The trail started with an Atlanta insurance salesman, George Burnett, who told a story almost as queer as some bad checks he has passed. He declared that, eight days before the Alabama-Georgia game, he tried to dial the number of Communications International, an Atlanta public relations firm headed by one Milton Flack and no longer extant. After some busy signals, he says, he was inexplicably hooked in on a long distance call Wally Butts was making from the Communications International office to Bear Bryant in Tuscaloosa. (Butts concedes that he made the call, but denies its content as reported by Burnett.) So beguiled was Burnett by what he overheard that he took, as they say, copious notes. In substance, what he listened in on, according to the *Post*, was a report to Bryant on the plays and formations Georgia would use (giving plays and players by name), the inability of the Georgia team to quick-kick, and the word that Georgia Quarterback Larry Rakestraw tipped off a pass by drawing back one of his feet.

Eavesdropper Burnett at first told what he had learned only to the happily named Flack, then tucked his notes in a bureau drawer. He let them lie there or elsewhere until he mentioned them one day in January to a friend of Georgia Coach Griffith. The friend hastened to talk with Griffith, and Griffith hastened to university officials to demand Butts' resignation. And Butts did resign a few weeks later.

A prominent attorney, M. Cook Barwick, a member of the athletic board of the University of Georgia and a former FBI man, was given the responsibility

*continued*

Wally Butts, a familiar figure in Georgia football for 22 years, breaks the shocking news in Atlanta with a calm but forceful dancel on television.



## SCANDAL IN THE SOUTHEAST



of conducting the university's investigations of both Burnett and his accusations.

"I told Burnett I was going to check him out from hell to breakfast," says Barwick. "Our responsibility was to get to the truth no matter how it affected the University of Georgia, and the chips could fall where they might."

When Barwick's probe ended last week, there was nothing conclusive for the university to announce. It had not been proved that Butts or Bryant had done anything wrong, but neither had Barwick's efforts dispelled the university's suspicions. When Burnett agreed to take a lie detector test and the test indicated that he did actually hear everything he said he heard (though lie detector tests usually are not admissible in court as evidence and are generally held to be only 80% to 85% efficient) and when Butts refused to take such a test, university officials were understandably upset. (Possibly they are less upset now—Bear Bryant later also denied everything in an equally successful lie detector test.)

Barwick's further checking produced a record of other telephone calls from Butts to other schools within the SEC, one of them—to a head coach—that lasted 52 minutes. Conversations between coaches and athletic directors are commonplace, however, and 52 minutes would be no NCAA record. "If I'm troubled about something the week of a game," says Arkansas' Frank Broyles, "I'm liable to call every coach in the country and talk all day, just to put my mind at ease."

In his coaching days Wally Butts was known as "Weepin' Wally" because he talked incessantly about his team's deficiencies and problems. As athletic director he remained in character and talked incessantly, bluntly, publicly and profanely, about the deficiencies and problems of the Georgia team under Griffith. The latter was not amused.

"I've never wanted anything but the best for Georgia," says Butts, with the characteristic emotion of a man who has served a school for 25 years. "And I've never done anything to hurt 'em."

The last two days before the headlines screamed found Butts a badly shaken man. His voice quaked as he spoke softly in the den of his big, red brick, Georgian home, which sits on the corner of a pretty, wooded street. From time to time he lifted his right arm and swore to God that he was telling the truth. There were



Insurance Man George Burnett started it all.



President Aderhold attended Butts' hearing.



Coach Griffith replaced Butts in 1961.

the usual sporting plaques in the den, and a red leather chair with a black leather cushion and a red telephone receiver on a black dial box. Red and black are Georgia's colors.

"First of this I heard was in Philadelphia, when a friend called and said I might be in trouble when I got home," he said. "I laughed at the stories he said he'd heard. Then the school asked me to go to this meetin'. I drove over to Atlanta with our president, Dr. [Ormer C.] Aderhold. They told me what this Burnett said. Not all of it, but some things. Then they asked me to take a lie test and I didn't think that was right. I figured I'd just resign now instead of June."

Last Thursday I drove Butts to Atlanta and asked him about the things he was supposed to have told Bryant to happen Georgia.

"I haven't never known their game plans or anything," he said. "I've had a lot of speaking engagements and I bet I didn't see 12 workouts all season. Paul [Bryant] don't need no help that I can tell. We talk football all the time and if I say something like Georgie ain't got a quick kicker, that ain't gonna be news to Bryant. He knows more about 'em than I do."

He chewed on an apple for a while and then said:

"When Bryant was at Kentucky, we'd go over to play 'em and I'd spend the day at his house visitin' and then we'd get in the ring." Butts said he did not attend a Georgia workout during the week before the Alabama game.

"If you want to know what hurt Georgia," he said, "one of the assistants told me they scrimmaged on Thursday before the game. Kids gotta get their legs back after two-a-days. That's bad."

It all gets back, in due course, to Burnett and what weight may be given to his story. In a series of events filled with coincidences, not the least of which is the intercepted phone call, it may be deemed curious that the day Burnett decided to reveal his secret and the day Bear Bryant filed a \$500,000 libel suit against the Post, for a previous article which accused Bryant of teaching brutal football, were one and the same. During the university's grilling of Burnett he decided that, in the light of what had been turned up about his check-passing past, he needed a lawyer. He sought one out. When he was through with his ev-





With one of football's biggest reputations at stake, Telephoner Paul (Bear) Bryant sprang to his own defense like an Alabama linebacker.

planation to the lawyer, the latter introduced him to Furman Bisher, sports editor of *The Atlanta Journal*, and an attorney for the *Post* who just happened to be in the newly retained lawyer's office. Bisher was author of the *Post* article published last fall that moved Bryant to sue. In the end, according to one report, Burnett was offered, and accepted, \$6,000 for his story. Another coincidence: Butts is both a director of the insurance company for which Burnett works and an acquaintance of Burnett's friend, the promoter Flack, but Butts says he never heard of Burnett until the rumors began to pop all around him.

According to Jimmy Sharpe, Alabama guard, nothing strange took place before the Georgia game. Bryant's normal preparation for any game, he pointed out, involves hundreds of man-hours of scouting, studying and planning.

"We worked harder than usual those first two or three weeks to get down our game plans," he said. "But all our game plans and preparations were based on what they had done in their spring game, plus all the games of the previous season."

"I noticed that some of the Georgia boys were saying that we kept calling

their plays. That isn't unusual, either. The same thing happens to us a lot of times. People often have similar plays and numbering systems, and that might run all the way from high school to pro football. I know that when we came out in our spread formation against Georgia Tech [Tech won 7-6] they were calling our formation with the same numbers we used. And when we played Mississippi State they called our formation and play as we broke huddle."

From Lee Roy Jordan, All-America linebacker of the Alabama team, came straight disbelief. "If the coaches had some kind of advance information on Georgia," he said, "they didn't tell the team about it. In fact we made our game plans for Georgia last spring. We had decided we were going to throw the ball a lot since our fullback was out for the season, and that's exactly the way we played the game, just like we had planned in the spring."

The situation as it stands is full of puzzles. Which lie detector test, Bryant's or Burnett's, is the reliable one? Why did not Burnett, who last weekend kept himself spectacularly unavailable, tell Griffith what he had heard eight days before the game—in plenty of time for Griffith

to make changes in his offense and defense? Is Burnett certain that he heard discussions of defense? Most college teams don't set serious defenses until the final week before a game. And what improbable relationship existed between Butts and Melton Flack that would permit Butts to feel free to use the Flack telephone for long distance calls?

Finally, how long could the Butts-Bryant telephone conversation have lasted? Burnett said that when he so fortuitously tuned in on the call Butts was told by the college operator that Bryant was out at the distant athletic field and had to be summoned. The entire telephone conversation, including the wait until Bryant appeared, took 15 or 16 minutes, according to the telephone company and Burnett. That does not leave much time to take down pages and pages of notes, as Burnett says he did.

However these puzzles may eventually be resolved, and regardless of whose honor may be scorched, it is clearly the obligation of college football authorities—even before the FBI or any other law enforcement body—to resolve them. College football cannot afford to take on the sotty face that college basketball has too often worn.

END



## THE GUNNERS ARE AFTER CINCY

Duke and Loyola, a pair of teams that shoot and run, are moving on to the NCAA finals in Louisville, where two-time champion Cincinnati waits with its waiting game

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

**T**he Duke basketball team went to College Park, Md. for the East regionals of the NCAA tournament last weekend in a big blue bus wrapped like Wonder Bread in the banner, "Handle with Care. Precious Cargo Aboard. Next NCAA Champions." What's more, the confidence of the Blue Devils went much deeper than the epidermis of their bus. "Jeff Mullins [a forward] has been going around for weeks like he had a sign on his chest: 'I'm going to Louisville!'" said Coach Vic Bubas. "And he's the serious type." Bubas himself was unequivocal, "I'm convinced," he said, "I don't doubt we'll be there."

By late Saturday night it was official: confident Duke was off to Louisville for

the climax of the national championship tournament, and so were the winners of the other three NCAA regional titles—Loyola of Chicago, which can match Duke chest thump for chest thump in any comparative contest, Oregon State, a competitive blushing violet that has left a lot of shocked opponents to do the blushing and, finally, Cincinnati, Ed Jucker's team of champions that is going for a third straight national title.

It should be good theater when the four meet at Louisville's Freedom Hall, for great contrasts in basketball styles are involved. Duke and Loyola, considered with Cincinnati as the best college teams in the country, are matched in the first semifinal Friday night, and they

bring racehorse basketball to the horse race country. Whichever survives, it will provide the antithesis to Cincy's easy-does-it way of playing the game, a system described by one coach as "horng you to death"—this assumes, of course, that the ever-winning Bearcats get that far.

There are no believers far outside of Corvallis, Ore. in Oregon State's chances against Cincinnati in the other semifinal, but it will be remembered (mostly in Corvallis) that Cincinnati itself was green short shrift two years ago before it knocked off Ohio State in the finals. In any case, the delicious prospect of Cincinnati trying to choke off the speed of either Duke or Loyola in the Saturday



*Art Heyman, the best college basketball player in the land, leaves everybody behind as he gallops downcourt on a Duke fast break against St. Joseph's.*

showing was short of invincibility it was at least convincing enough for Bearcat fans quartered at the Hotel President in Kansas City. Colorado didn't worry them a bit. What did worry them were hotel reservations and ticket requirements for Louisville and say, honey, will you be there for our big victory celebration? A dress-shop owner was frantic. He needed two tickets for the Louisville final for his daughter, who was getting married March 22. "She hasn't missed seeing Cincinnati win the national title yet," he said. "If she can't see it this time, too, it'll spoil her honeymoon."

Walseth, unassisted by the idea-less press, didn't sleep much that night, but neither, as a matter of fact, did Cincinnati Coach Jucker. "In tournament play," he fretted, "anything can happen. And there's never a second chance."

In both 1961 and 1962 Jucker had been convinced that his team was entering tournament play at its seasonal peak. This year he frankly wasn't sure. He feared the Bearcats had become flat. "We can't take anything for granted," he said as he tightened the knot in his lucky red-and-black tie, that tattered old atrocity that has been hanging around his neck like a pennant for three years. "I'm ashamed of it," he said of the tie, "but as long as we keep winning I hate to change anything."

Colorado started auspiciously. It let Tony Yates and Larry Shingleton, Cincy's outside men, shoot, while keeping Center George Wilson and hot-hand Ron Bonham away from the basket. Yates hit only two of 10 shots in the first half, and with their own Eric Lee darting in for layups and Ken Charlton arching in soft hook shots, Colorado sped to a 21-12 lead. Charlton was courageous: he had scored 25 points the night before against OCU and at midnight Friday his ailing knee was drained. Walseth said the operation was so gruesome he couldn't stand to watch it. When Charlton left the Cincy game briefly, Cincinnati followers gave him a standing ovation.

But as has become their custom in this season of many close scrapes, the Bearcats found themselves a turning point. They began putting the pressure on the Colorado feeder rather than the ball receiver, Wilson, who was getting

whipped soundly under the boards, began asserting himself. By half time the Colorado lead was cut to one point.

Charlton, who wound up with 23 points, and George Parsons got two quick goals to start the second half. But then Wilson, the only Bearcat who seems to play with emotion, combined with Bonham for 12 consecutive points and Cincinnati was ahead for good. The final score was 67-60. Coach Jucker was pleased—but not wildly. Last season Cincy had breezed through the Midwest regional. This time the going had been stormy—a possible portent of trouble ahead.

Unlike Cincinnati, with its frigid aplomb, Duke's Blue Devils have faith in pandemonium. They are children of the age, bred, as it were, to noise and action. Hence, the Bubus fast break. The day before the first game at College Park and his much anticipated showdown with NYU's Barry Kramer, Duke's great All-America, Art Heyman, came to BUBUS and demanded a team scrimmage. "We need it, Coach, to relieve the tension," he said. So Bubus let them scrimmage. The night of their game with NYU, a phonograph played *South Street*—rock 'n' roll at its thundering best—at high volume in the Duke dressing room at the University of Maryland's beautiful (and sold-out) field house. Ah, this was their cup of sodium. The Blue Devils were relaxed.

The Heyman-Kramer duel never really materialized. The game more or less was Kramer vs. the field, and Duke's superior numbers won out. The coolly effective Mullins (Mr. Secretary of State, Bubus calls him) was the Duke sharpshooter, often from as far out as 25 feet. He scored 23. Heyman was off. He missed 15 of 21 shots, but his value is not measured in points alone. He continually led the Duke charge downcourt, his passes were superb and, with Center Jay Buckley, he controlled the backboards. Meanwhile, Guards Fred Schmidt and Ron Herberst hit eight out of eight between them at one point. Duke eventually squandered much of an 18-point lead but won, 81-76.

St. Joseph's was Duke's Saturday opponent. The Hawks earned the right by being accurate like no team has the right to be accurate in their game with

*continued*

night final has surely entered the minds of the 18,000 lucky ticket holders.

Cincinnati is the type of basketball team that takes, as if by slow surgery, the joy of life from its opponents. The mere prospect of playing the Bearcats is often more painful than the experience itself. When his team arrived in Lawrence, Kans. last week for the Midwest regionals, Colorado Coach Sox Walseth said, "We're happy to be here, but we were happier before we got here." After the Buffaloes beat Oklahoma City University 78-72 on Friday, Walseth, who does not look on couching as an arcane art, told assembled writers: "I don't have many ideas on how to play Cincinnati tomorrow, but if I don't come up with some I might as well spend tomorrow night playing handball. Any of you got any ideas?"

Cincinnati, meanwhile, had worried down Texas 73-68 after falling behind eight points in the first half, and if the

West Virginia. They hit 24 of their first 35 shots and won 97-88.

"Against NYU," said Buhas, "we had to get the rebounds. Against St. Joe we'll have to get the good shots, not play better-skillet basketball. St. Joe's is too smart. Coach [Jack] Ramsay does a terrific job." Even Ramsay couldn't coax another four-star run of marksmanship out of the Hawks, however, and though they were ahead early by 10-1, it was just a glimmer of time. Not many teams in the country can shoot with Duke, and not any of them have Buhas' bench strength. St. Joe's contended until only five minutes remained, then Duke pulled away to win 73-59. Heyman again was off. 3 of 14 shots from the field, so pick-em-up Mullins scored 24 and Schmidt 20. "And how much of their defense does Heyman suck up?" said Buhas afterward. "He goes in the middle, then passes to the guy wide open. There is no way to measure Heyman's job there, no statistic."

Someone then mentioned Loyola. Said Buhas, "I make a prediction that will be a basketball track meet."

At East Lansing, Mich., Loyola had a track meet of its own in the Midwest finals. It is possible, barely possible, that some team somewhere has played more disorganized basketball than Illinois did on Saturday night, but it would be hard to prove it to the 9,000 in Michigan State's field house. Illinois walked with the ball, palmed the ball and once even kicked the ball, a list of sins that totaled over 20.

Illinois had won the tap and immediately set the pattern by taking a quick, poorly aimed shot. There were times thereafter when as much as 10 seconds would go by without a shot being taken, but no longer. The strategies were simple: Loyola tried to get the ball to All-America Jerry Harkness for a shot. Illinois tried to get the ball to Dave Downey for a shot. Harkness is a better shot. He scored 33, Downey scored 20, and Loyola gleefully raced its way to a 79-64 win. After the game, Coach Harry Combes of Illinois sent his regrets to the waiting press and went into hiding.

Literally out of hiding to play Loyola the night before had come Mississippi State, the team that saddened the hearts of segregationists every where by agreeing

eagerly to participate in a tournament open to Negroes. On the eve of his team's departure from Starkville, Coach Babe McCarthy got word that a sheriff was out with a court order that could keep the team in Mississippi. Like Little Eva skipping across the ice ahead of the bloodhounds, McCarthy skipped into Tennessee. University President Dr. D. W. Colvard vanished, too. Early Thursday morning an assistant coach verified that the coast was clear at the airport, hustled the team into a plane and away it flew on a modern underground railroad in reverse.

What effect the intrigue and the previous weeks of anguish had on the Maroons' performance is hard to assess, but before the game Babe McCarthy was in high spirits. "I'm happy my boys could come, just to see a team like Loyola play," he said. Loyola Coach George Ireland wasn't overwhelmed by the compliment. He said he knew nothing about State either. His scouts had been watching Georgia Tech on the assumption State couldn't escape Starkville.

The pregame drama was not consistent with the game itself, which tailed off in excitement after the opening minutes. The two captains, Loyola's Harkness, one of four Negroes on the starting team, and State's Joe Dan Gold, shook hands as a battery of photographers recorded the moment. A bruising, but exceptionally clean, game followed. The Maroons, in their methodical way, took a 7-0 lead. Loyola, a team that had averaged 94 points a game, was scoreless after nearly six minutes. The sound of cowbells, stamped with Confederate flags and wielded by a knot of State students who had driven north for the tournament, filled the field house. Then Loyola began to hit and, more important, tightened its defense. It pulled ahead 26-19 by the half and won convincingly, 61-51.

"They showed they're good boys," said George Ireland after the game. "Just like ours."

The West regional of the NCAA was played in the Brigham Young field house in Provo, Utah, where on Friday night 9,704 people watched Arizona State pulverize UCLA 93-79. Not a man pick there would have given a cup of warm milk for Oregon State's chances on Saturday. The question was not whether

Mississippi State, which had to keep one jump ahead of the sheriff to get to the NCAA, gets the jump again in its precedent-setting game with Loyola begins.





the Sun Devils would beat OSU, but would they beat Cincinnati in Louisville? Oregon State Coach Slat Gill had permitted his Beavers to see the first half of the UCLA-Arizona State game following their 65-61 opening-round victory over San Francisco. "I don't usually allow it," he told his team, "but I'm delighted the way you played." The Beavers sat through the first half, open-mouthed at ASU's awesome show of power. Slat, abashed, bade them good-night and sent them to their motel. Said Terry Baker, the All-America football quarterback and the basketball team's quarterback, too, "I was scared. They looked awful tough."

Gill stayed on for the lopsided finish and drew this conclusion: no team could be that good two nights in a row. Arizona State wasn't. The next night, 7-foot Mel Counts controlled the tip for Oregon State. Forward Steve Paulty dribbled to the corner and popped in a field goal. The Beavers were ahead 2-0, a lead they were never to lose. Counts headquartered near the key and Paulty stayed in the right corner while Playmaker Baker consistently picked them out with his neat passes. Paulty, meanwhile, put a clamper on Arizona State's 6-foot-6 Joe Caldwell. Oregon State's lead crept out to eight points, 10, 12, then 16. Finally it was apparent: there would be no Arizona State explosion. It had been spent the night before. Never really pressed, Oregon State won by the hardly believable score of 83-65.

What chance does this give Oregon State against Cincinnati? Not a good one, really. No team can figure on Cincinnati having an off night offensively because you can barely tell when the Cincinnati offense is "on" anyway. It is defense the Bearcats play, and though Texas gave them heartburn and Colorado made them hustle, they should handle Oregon State, Baker notwithstanding. A Saturday night championship game between Cincinnati and Duke would match the best two teams in the country and is (like last year's Cincinnati-Ohio State final) the classic pairing of Defense vs. Offense. However, Loyola, for all its undisciplined, madcap ways, has looked hotter than anybody in the regionals, and should it make the finals it would provide a Defense vs. Offense pairing, too. Either way, a couple of gamblers are loose in Louisville, and Cincinnati is their target.

END

# CHAMPAGNE TONY HAS A WINNING LOOK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Golf's touring professionals, thriving in their golden age, have become a comparatively sane and urbane lot. They tend to dress and behave like the president of anybody's First National Bank—while frequently stacking up more money. Although they like to talk about the bad old days when Walter Hagen caroused all night with Al Jolson and then won the National Open hours later despite a staggering hangover, they know good businessmen don't live that way. The proof of the '60s wants to be, above all, a good businessman. There is, however, a youthful exception to the trend, one who does things with indisputable distinction. He is, surely, the only pro golfer ever to open a 12th-floor St. Paul hotel window at a late evening party and drive golf balls down Market Street. Nor have many people bubbled so much at winning their first PGA tournament that they ordered champagne for the entire press corps. Limited, too, are those who have won a sudden-death playoff after three quick highballs at the clubhouse bar. Finally, how many other pros have found a way to spend \$28,000 a year doing something that most of their fellow tourists can do for \$12,000?

But that's Tony Lema: tall, handsome, 29, a bachelor for the next few months at least—and a long way from the Oakland canneries, shipyards, juvenile gangs and nimble golf hustles that marked his hardly serene youth. When not playing golf today, Anthony David Lema can be found at La Scala in Beverly Hills or Brennan's in New Orleans or the Little Club in New York. His haunts were the same a year ago, though until last September he had one annoying problem—he was spending money twice as fast as he was making it. But in only six months Tony has solved that difficulty and, if he still enjoys a first-class living, he can now afford it. Suddenly, his golf is first-class, too.

Prior to last fall, Tony Lema seemed more likely to become the National Twist Champion than to ruffle the calm

of the world's best golfers. In five years as a touring professional he had shown occasional flashes of brilliance, but he had never won an important tournament. When the 1962 fall season opened, Lema stood 33rd in the ranks of the year's prize-money winners with a total of only \$15,294. His debt to the financial backer who had sent him out on the tour amounted to three quarters of that sum, and his prospects were as gloomy as a Sunday morning downpour. But by Christmas, Lema was in a position to dispense frankincense and myrrh from Upstairs at the Downstairs to the Top of the Mark. He had won three tournaments in the U.S. and the Mexican Open as well, had earned his first invitation to compete in the Masters, had brought his overall 1962 winnings to \$48,000 and had practically clinched a spot on the 10-man Ryder Cup team that will face Great Britain next October. Then, as if to prove that his spectacular play was something more lasting than bright autumn foliage, he finished in the top 10 at six of the first eight tournaments this year and currently ranks fifth on the prize money list with a total of \$11,831.

Part of his success was, perhaps, due to the fact that the playboy in Lema is maturing. But a close look at the past-performance chart also reveals the explosively effective nature of his golf game. Even before he came out on the tour as a regular in 1958, Lema had won one worthwhile event, the 1957 Imperial Valley Open. It was there that he had assumed he was out of contention and cheered himself up at the bar—three times—only to be summoned out for a sudden-death playoff against long-hitting Paul Harney. The surprised Lema, feeling the pressure but apparently no pain, won on the second hole.

In his early days on the tour, Lema's long, accurate driving brought him some great rounds of golf. Several times he led tournaments during early stages, on y to lose control of his nerves or his temper and fade out of contention.

"He was a wonderful guy and a great player when he first came out," claims Johnny Pott, one of the best of the young pros and a longtime Lema companion.

continued

*Enjoying a vintage year of his own, Tony Lema, professional golf's successful young playboy, toasts his good fortune with a glass of Ayala '55 champagne at San Francisco's Blue Bar Restaurant. He also served the press champagne last fall after winning his first big tournament.*



"We all wondered why he didn't start winning sooner. But he liked to do things first-class all the way, even then. You know, wine with his meals, late hours—the whole deal. He didn't want to make the sacrifices that he had to be made if you want to win. Now he does."

"I don't think that's entirely it," says Lema. "I think that everything just fell into place at once. I have always known my game was very good, and I have always known how to get the most out of myself physically. I know I have to get away after a tournament, visit friends, lie on the beach. I fly, instead of driving like a lot of the other guys, because I figure it saves me 60 days a year. No, my difficulty has been that I couldn't control my temper. That, plus the fact that winning my first tournament became a big obsession with me. If I got a bad break or missed a short putt, I blew my top and began to expect bad breaks. It was a form of self-persecution that made it very hard to play consistently. Now I've learned that missing a short putt doesn't mean I have to hit my next drive out of bounds."

Ordinarily Lema is the most gregarious and generous of people. But if he had—or still has—sudden spasms of depression, there are probably ample reasons why. In its early years the Lema family, now comfortably off, had very little cause for merriment, even if it could have afforded it. Lema's father, a laborer of Portuguese descent, died of pneumonia when Tony was 3. His death left Lema's mother penniless as well as widowed, with the task of raising four children hard by the railroad in an industrial section of Oakland. It was not easy, of course. His two older brothers and sister seem to have been well behaved enough, but Tony's boyhood was more of a walk on the wild side. He began cutting classes at school, getting into fights and looking for small change and high excitement with a gang of young rowdies that avoided the clutches of the law largely because it moved fast.

"We would booze it up quite a bit, and that is the worst thing kids can do," recalls Lema. "It gave us a lot of false courage, and we always wound up in a bunch of trouble. I was fortunate never to get caught. It was part of my life I'd like to do all over again."

But if he was difficult, he was also

willing to work and help out at home. He started caddyng at the nearby Lake Chabot municipal golf course when he was 12 and took a variety of other jobs as he got older. "It was tough on my mother with four kids to raise," says Tony, "but we hung together. I've worked in shipyards, drugstores, car factories, canneries, gas stations and grocery stores, any possible way I could make a buck. I took the swing shift at the shipyard just so I could play golf during the day."

"Those people on the golf course are old," Mrs. Lema used to complain. "Why don't you play with the other kids?"

During those years Lema was a high-scoring basketball player for his boys' club, CYO and high school teams, but basketball was his pastime, golf his passion. With no money to pay for lessons, he had to pick up the fundamentals of the game from a wide range of teachers. However, as the song in the soap commercial says, he liked people and people liked him. They were happy to lend him a hand. Lucius Bateman, a Negro who worked at a driving range in Alameda, helped develop Lema's smooth, natural swing. Ralph Hall, an Oakland policeman, taught him course strategy. Dick Fry and Bill Burch, the pros at Lake Chabot, taught him the square stance that makes his game so consistent today. Lema also began to learn how to make golf pay.

"Tony hustled more than a few bucks on the golf course," reports a former crony, "but he was always poor. When he lost a \$5 bet the money was slow coming. When he won, he wanted it quick."

By 1953 Tony was 19 and had enlisted in the Marines ("It was a spur of the moment thing. I was just butting around doing nothing"). He was as skinny as a flag stick, but he could hit a golf ball a long way and he had won the Oakland City championship.

When he was mustered out of the Marines two years later, after serving in the Survey Section of the artillery in Korea, Lema had gained 20 pounds, most of it muscle. Chiefly because he had no idea what else to do, he took a job as shop assistant at the ultra-exclusive San Francisco Golf Club and then as teaching pro at a nine-hole municipal course in Elko, Nev. During these years he began to play golf with a professional flair. "I hustled the assistant pros around San Francisco pretty well," he says. "I'm afraid I fleeced them. I always seemed

to offer them one stroke less handicap than they needed."

In 1956 Lema competed in his first major event, the National Open in Rochester. "I saw Mike Souchak in a harrier shop," he says. "I sat at a big, long table in the clubhouse and ate lunch alongside Tommy Bolt, Ted Kroll, Cary Middlecoff, Jack Fleck and Ben Hogan. I didn't dare open my mouth, but I thought it was a big thing." He also shot a 308 and won \$200. It wasn't long after this that Lema found a wealthy Portland (Ore.) sportsman who agreed to sponsor him on the PGA tour. The deal called for Lema to receive \$200 a week expense money. He would repay all these advances and split his winnings above that: two-thirds for Lema, one-third for the backer. There was one unhappy hitch: all debts at the end of the year were to be carried forward—an unusual practice on the pro tour. Lema's debt to his backer amounted to over \$11,000 late in 1962, but his fast finish almost wiped it out. The contract terminates this year.

"When I first went out on the tour," Lema recalls of the 1958 season, "I didn't know where to stay or eat, how to check in at a course or even how to get a practice cage. You couldn't just walk up to a Sneed or a Middlecoff and say, 'How about a game?' So I often played my practice rounds alone. I felt like a little guy in an awful big ocean."

That's what he was until he formed close friendships with three other young pros, Pott, Tommy Jacobs and Jim Ferrie. The four traveled, ate, practiced, roomed and went out together. Lema finished among the top 15 in 11 tournaments during 1958, won \$10,282 in official prize money and was rated one of the year's most impressive rookies (SI, Jan. 12, 1959).

But he sank in the ocean again, and fast. He dropped to 55th on the money-earned list in 1959 (\$5,900) and to 77th in 1960 (\$3,060), hardly earning enough to cover his caddy fees, let alone pay for his newly cultivated tastes. The tab with his sponsor grew like crabgrass.

"I didn't know what was happening," Lema now recalls. "But I guess I started worrying when I didn't win a tournament. I became confused and depressed. I felt I had no friends. I even started to try some major experiments with my game." To a pro golfer, experimenting with one's game is no better than dope addiction.

There were some consolations. Women, for instance.

"I didn't have much trouble getting

continued





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dances," Lema says, an understatement of monumental proportions.

And parties.

"Tony really gave a wild one after the 1961 St. Paul Open," says touring pro Don Whit. "You know him. Well, he'd rented a suite at the St. Paul Hotel, and he invited a crowd up after the last round. We all got pretty high and wound up driving golf balls through the window."

Girls and parties were making life bearable for the circuit's *bon vivant*, but what he needed was help with his competitive attitude. It eventually came, and from a most unusual source, a 10-handicap golfer named Danny Arnold who first met Lema when they played as partners in the 1960 Palm Springs classic.

"He was a very likable guy with a great talent as a golfer," says Arnold, a successful television and movie producer-writer who has worked on *The Real McCoy* and the *Tennessee Ernie Ford* shows. "My wife and I invited him to stay at our house in Palm Springs. We found out he was emotional about his game but not very serious about it. He wasn't much different than any young kid. But we got to know his problems. He needed someone to talk to and someone to talk to him."

"Danny would talk to me by the hour," says Lema. "He built up my confidence in myself and my game. He was like a psychiatrist. He convinced me that bad puts and bad shots weren't necessarily caused by an unjust fate or a weakness in me, that if I stayed calm and kept the ball in play, the breaks would come my way too. It began to work. Every golfer has rounds when he's not playing well, but I found I could now shoot 71 or 72 on those days instead of 76 or 78."

Lema still had bad holes and bad rounds, but they no longer destroyed his composure. As the 1962 tour began, he tied for fifth in Los Angeles. Later he shot a first-round 75 in the Eastern Open but came back to finish third. He tied for fourth in Oklahoma City despite a horrendous opening-round 77. In September he started his year-end surge with a last-round 63 to take second in the Seattle Open behind Jack Nicklaus. Two weeks after Seattle he won the Sahara Invitational and, despite the fact that for PGA statistical purposes the event was considered unofficial, it proved to Lema that he could win.

Then, a month later at the Orange County Open in California, Lema stood

on the first tee with 1959 PGA Champion Bob Rosburg, about to embark on a sudden-death playoff that could give him his first official victory.

"I was in a pretty agitated state," says Lema. "For the first two holes Rosburg played super golf while I scrambled all over the place, but I managed to halve. Then on the 3rd hole, a par-3, I thought he had me for sure. The pin was on the left side of the green, and Rosburg hit a beautiful five-iron that hooked gently in toward the hole and stopped 10 feet away. I was having trouble hooking that day, so I decided to fade my five-iron shot. It was a good one, too, 10 feet six inches away. I liked the looks of that putt of mine. I thought I could make it, and I did. As I stood at the edge of the green waiting for Rosburg to putt I was so nervous I could hardly keep still. His putt hit the back of the hole, jumped into the air and stayed out. I had won! I don't remember it, but people say I jumped three feet into the air and threw my ball all the way back to the tee. Later I bought champagne for the press, but all the sportswriters there couldn't have drunk as much as I did that night."

Three weeks later Lema won the Mobile Open by seven shots—"I was playing so well I dreamed about it at night"—then the Mexican Open.

"Tony is so improved that he ranks just about with the top golfers on the tour," said Bill Casper after the recent Greater New Orleans Open, where Lema tied for second. "His big asset now is his control over himself under all situations. He looks like he knows what he's doing."

Champagne Tony may indeed have found his way to success. Even his playboy days seem to be ending. Last month he became engaged to Betty Cline, a red-haired American Airlines stewardess from Oklahoma City—he discovered her in the first class section, of course—and already Lema is outlining a budget plan for his new life.

"I figure that married to Betty I can cut my expenses down to \$15,000 a year," he said recently, looking up with a broad smile from a piece of paper that was covered with an ambitious scrawl of numbers. "Not only will marriage be the greatest thing that ever happened to me, I think I can make a profit at it, too."

That is Tony Lema's other distinction. He has to be the only golfer on the pro tour who can figure that one can live more expensively than two.

END



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# Joyful School for City Kids

Photographs by Jean Marquis

"Let early education," advised Plato, "be a sort of amusement." In one of the most exciting—and certainly the most pleasant—pedagogic innovations in postwar Europe, French educators have combined fun and learning by setting up government-sponsored snow classes for urban schoolchildren. Begun hesitantly in 1953, the program now permits 30,000 pupils, mostly from industrial sections, to spend four weeks in the Alps and Pyrenees. After a morning of study, the youngsters—many for the first time—have a chance to marvel at the snow, breathe crisp air and be taught the joys (and trials) of skiing.



In chalet at Super Grand Bornand in the Alps, schoolgirls from Seloit-Denis, a Paris tenement district, pore over lessons before ski class (left).

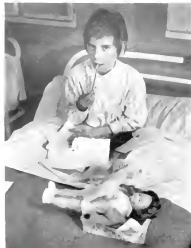
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The cost of the program is kept down to \$61 per child for lodging, food and laundry, and of this a family is expected to pay only \$18. If that is too much, the government helps out. Skis are furnished by the government's Youth and Sports organization, headed

by Annapurna's conqueror, Maurice Herzog. Finally, resorts such as Courchevel have built special chalets to accommodate the youngsters, whose wide-eyed reactions (below) to the wonders of country living should be enough to melt the most reactionary educator.



During stay in the mountains, city girls from Saint-Denis public school are intrigued by first look at their exotic quadruped, the cow. Before lights out, 8th-grader Joëlle d'Aima writes a letter home.



Early ski seasonally, Christine Valente studies while recuperating.

continued



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**Snow School** *(continued)*

Few educational programs have shown such salutary—and proveable—results. After four weeks in the mountains, the French youngsters gain in weight and height, their faces take on a healthy bronze and they learn to cope with unfamiliar problems, such as the scary ski tow at left. There is also carryover value: back in the city they develop fewer throat ailments and colds. And, returning to the schoolroom, they attack their studies with renewed zeal. "One month in the mountains," says Program Nurse Yvonne Huppé, who stayed with the girls throughout their trip into the snow country, "c'est énorme." American educators, such as Dr. Benjamin Willis, superintendent of Chicago schools, echo her appraisal: "Any experience that can lift children out of their surroundings and give them a glimpse of beauty, an understanding of nature, is a splendid thing."



As classmates ponder peculiar demands of a ski tow, Saint-Denis schoolgirls sculpt snowy image of General De Gaulle.





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Spring comes gently to high Colorado, and the scene becomes one of softness: the new green grass is dappled with shadows from budding branches of streamside willows (*opposite*); slender white aspens reach for the blue sky; dainty primroses and wild flugs bloom bravely against the edges of melting snowbanks. The jays and bluebirds return with the warmer weather; deer and elk browse up the mountain as the snow line recedes; sheep whiten the meadows, grazing and caring for another crop of stumbling lambs.

But Colorado spring is also fickle. Even in mid-May, when trout fishing starts (*next page*), there are days when ferrules ice up and the cold forces anglers to resort to winter clothes, sips of hot coffee and belts of whisky. Bad weather does not daunt the Colorado fishermen, however. They have waited for this time through the long drear months of winter. Preparation for most of them begins weeks before the first day's fishing. Sporting goods stores stay open into the night for those who come to buy tackle and for those, too, who come merely to talk about new seasons: this year's, last year's and all years'. After the fishless winter of itchy anticipation, the fishermen readily take to the climbing roads, gummy with mud and often still clogged with snowdrifts. They pack skis and snowshoes to use above the 7,000-foot level, risking snow blindness and sudden blizzards to get to their favorite waters.

Many anglers follow the same system each year. Even in murky water they will first try a fly, knowing no trout will rise but trying anyway. They will then move down to spinners and spoons, to salmon eggs, to the larval form of the caddis and stone flies found in the stream beds and finally to the lowly, neuter angleworm. In this season a mass of worms on a No. 6 hook is the best bait of all. (It may be that worms are best in any season; the big browns and rainbows gobble them up.)

Trout and the hunt for trout are the thing, but on this May day there are plenty of bonus sights and sounds. And the memory of them will abide with the fisherman for all the springtime days he lives.

Photography by  
Mark Konfmann

# ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPRINGTIME









## 33 years later, he got the bug.

We're glad that most people don't wait 33 years to buy their first Volkswagen.

But Albert Gillis did, and maybe he had the right idea all along.

He didn't buy a new car for 33 years because he didn't happen to need one.

He and his 1929 Model A Ford did just fine by each other.

He always did his own repairs and even jacked it up at night to save the tires.

When he needed a new car last year, he went out and bought a Volkswagen. "I heard they hold up," he explained. Does he like the VW?

Mr. Gillis is 78, a Justice of the Peace, and not given to hasty decisions.

"Your inspectors sure do a good job of inspecting," was as far as he would go.

But he did mention that he and Mrs. Gillis took a trip for their 54th anniversary.

They drove 6,750 miles and spent \$62 on gas and \$54 on oil.

"I didn't think they were supposed to burn oil," he said.

## *A gray-flannel émigré from the East builds an empire out West*

Fearful of withering on an ivy vine back home, Swimming Coach Peter Daland (below) took off for southern California, where he now manages a classy pack of past, present and future champions



He still wears the clothes of the conservative East and he enunciates his words with the precise authority of a Harvard man, but the dash with which he moves about and the abrupt logic in the things he says reflect the open-collared overconfidence of the big, wide West. Despite these conflicting attributes, and partly because of them, 41-year-old Peter Daland, formerly of New York and Philadelphia and more recently of Los Angeles, is a successful swimming coach. In the swimming kingdom of Greater Los Angeles, where he currently prevails, Daland serves year round as coach, trainer, general manager and chief exhorter for a disparate collection of swimmers of both sexes and all ages. On his various workout rosters there are 9- and 10-year-olds and comely, budding 15-year-olds such as Janet Crooks, whom he is coswimming in the picture at the left; on his rosters also there are colleagues and world record holders (both foreign and domestic) and Olympians, some of whom are still swimming strong and some of whom are on the wane.

Daland has two fairly permanent jobs and another tentative one. He is coach of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, whose men and women do handsomely in national competition every year, and of the University of Southern California, whose freshmen and varsity men have won or tied for first at every indoor national championship since 1958. Daland is also coach of the U.S. women's team for the next Olympic Games, an honor that right now must be considered tentative. No one asked him if he wanted to be the Olympic coach; one official merely told him he was the coach after Daland had read it in the papers.

In his dual jobs at LAAC and USC, Daland works steadily with pliant, resilient young swimmers and also with competitors who have been swimming hard for a decade or more. Thus his lot is an enviable one, although odd in one respect. Since he often has two or three teams in the same meet, he is in effect knifing himself. This does not bother him at all, since he has been coaching long enough to know that ultimately it is individual achievement that counts. And so he offers the proper measure of advice, cheer and scorn to all his swimmers, regardless of what particular brand label of the Daland swimming factory they happen to wear. He has become accustomed to cheering for every swimmer in a race, for often in West Coast competi-

Continued



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SWIMMING *continued*

tion all the lanes of a final are filled with his protégés. In the Southern Pacific Championships three weeks ago, swimmers wearing various Daland labels won 21 of the 23 first places and 58 of the 69 medals. This week Daland's men and women start moving east to the women's AAU championships in Berea, Ohio, the men's championships in New Haven, Conn. and the NCAA meet in Raleigh, N.C., and in all three major battles Daland's forces will run into more trouble than they need. Ordinarily, his teams might have a good chance in the men's AAU, but this year Indiana University, the swimming colossus of the Midwest, stands in their way. Contrary to the usual Big Ten policy, Indiana can compete in the AAU this year as a team because the meet serves also as the trials for the Pan American Games.

With the chances for a team title dimmer than usual, March is not the most cheerful of all possible times for Daland, but his stopwatch heart ticks proudly on. Individually, the Daland crop still has luster, notably his leading ladies, Sharon Finneran and Carolyn House, who are the most durable swimmers in the world—either of them capable of swimming four races in six hours and knocking off a record here or there.

Competitive swimming verges on asceticism; every year it takes more work and time to stay at the top, to the point where even the constant words of the coach can become monotony. Daland's saving grace is his abrupt and sometimes oblique logic interlaced with bizarre images and jabbing remarks. However, some of his swimmers who hate the stinging, smoggy Los Angeles air are still wondering about Daland's logic. Reputedly, he told them the smog was really a blessing since it kept them from noticing the strong chlorine in the water. At the noon meal before the Stanford dual meet this year, Sprinter Barry Parker asked Daland what he thought about fruit salad as pre-race food. "It is our 50-yard race," Daland replied, carrying all the weight of Judgment Day in his voice, "but it's your stomach, so I say you'll have to decide that one for yourself." As five of his finest swimmers—Roy Saar, the American 1,500-meter record holder; Hans Rosendahl of Sweden, Olympian Hans Klein of Germany, Olympian Tsuyoshi Yamanaka of Japan and Olympian John Konrads of Australia—finish a race, from the gallery

*continued*



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SWIMMING *continued*

Daland blundily announces like a disappointed \$2 ticket holder, "Nobody under 1:50. All bums." Shortly afterward, to a gritty freestyler named Tom Warren he says, "Tom, you are a swimming bum, but an excellent one." He introduces a distance man to a reporter thus: "This is Brian Foss, 17:26 at Bartlesville last year." Later, pointing out Saari (who did 16:54.1 at Bartlesville), he observes, "Roy Saari is an easy-moving, semi-reptilian animal who is constantly dangerous." Daland calls powerful John Konrads "the bear that swims like a man and sometimes vice versa."

After Konrads finished a smashing series of 200-yard swims in practice several weeks back, Daland leaned down from the pool deck and said quietly, "Nice series, John. You'll be getting in shape if you're not careful." To a sprinter who objected to swimming three races and a relay, Daland retorted, "Any sprinter who can't swim three events and do 50.5 on a relay is not a sprinter, he's an impostor." To backstroker Gail Human, who was standing dejected after dawdling through a 100-yard practice series, Daland shouted from the LAAC balcony, "Hold up your head, Gail. Breathe in that good fresh air coming through the windows. Who opened those windows for you? Your coach did. Your coach did this for you because he is always loyal to his team!"

All such nannyhoofing to the contrary, Daland is also a superstudent of the necessary details. At any moment he is apt to start spouting times—poor times, good times, winning and losing and record times, 100-yard split times and series times and descending series times—and he will keep spouting such stoppatachery until everyone in earshot has his chin on the deck.

His success as a coach is a product of the same sort of undeviating zeal that Stonewall Jackson felt for reading the Bible and outsmarting Yankees in the Shenandoah. Daland can discourse sensibly on the international political mess and a variety of arts other than swimming, but he rarely allows himself the time for such nonswimatic matters.

The real wonder of Daland is not his success but why he became a swimming coach at all. He was born in New York City and grew up in the affluence of suburban Philadelphia. He attended Pomfret School and, like his father and his father's father before him, went on to Har-

*continued*



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## SWIMMING continued

vard. Although today he is not altogether sure which, he seemed destined either for some kind of gray-blue-necked success in the office cells of New York or for slower death in Philadelphia or Boston. But at Harvard in '40 and '41 he was, in his own terms, "a prewar drifter." Before he had a chance to mend his flunking ways, he was claimed by the Signal Corps, an outfit that apparently had developed drifting into a fine art. The Signal Corps gave him nine months of radar training and sent him to the University of California to learn French, which was not taught there to Army personnel. Daland was given six months of Russian instead and was then sent, typically enough, to France as a telephone lineman.

All in all, Daland concludes that the long, half-famless military life had its worth, for when he was finally turned loose in the States, he was determined never to waste time again. He enrolled in Swarthmore College and covered three academic years in two. Although he is now at the top of his profession, somewhere inside him there is a stopwatch ticking off irremediable seconds, impelling him on. While he is doing business in one or another of his several offices and while he is hurrying 30 miles a day through the snarled traffic of Los Angeles to various practice sessions, Daland is constantly consulting his watch like the White Rabbit in Alice's Wonderland and crying out, "I'm late!" In winter, because his schedule is so tight, he must eat his lunch as he drives from one practice to the next. If he does not get three bites of a sandwich and two carrot sticks down before he hits the railroad crossing on Imperial Highway, his whole day is out of kilter.

At prep school and during his fumbling days at Harvard, Daland did some running (2:10 for the 880, 4:50 for the mile). While stationed in Florida before going overseas in the war, he went out for the Camp Murphy swimming team, primarily, he now recalls, because the team did not have to stand retreat. The motive was perhaps shabby, but regardless, once the chlorine got in him it was there to stay. After the war, at Swarthmore, he captained the swimming team and coached it two days a week while the regular paid coach was out earning the rest of his living. (The most famous of Daland's Swarthmore swimmers is the Balloonist Don Picard, who

still holds the world record for falling straight down in a burst balloon, 4,200 feet in 1:55 flat.) At Swarthmore, Captain-Coach Daland himself clocked about 5:35 for the 440. This was payable time for a small-college performer then. Today a number of Daland's girl swimmers could do as well while towing a Rose Bowl float.

## An eye on the kids

After college Daland worked two years for a medical book firm in Philadelphia, enduring great waves of boredom that might have floated him back into his drifting ways if he had not retained a spectator interest in track and swimming. "I was," he explains, "an enthusiast with a good statistical knowledge," or, to put it briefly, "a statistical nut," dotting on the great distances and clockings of the strong and swift. Swimming prevailed over track as his choice of a profession largely because of a peculiar circumstance that physiologists have recognized for some time, although most people are barely aware of it. Track and baseball and football were—and to a marked extent still are—inhibited in their dealings with youth. Swimming rarely has been and certainly is not now. Even 15 years ago, while baseball, football and track coaches were waiting for the young males to grow to at least 4 feet tall, in swimming pools little boys and girls were taking extraordinary punishment in practice and teen-agers were at the gate of high-time competition. (In 1946, before Daland had floundered his first quarter mile for Swarthmore, a 15-year-old Ohio kid named Jimmy McLane was beating the men in four-mile races and prancing for the '48 Games.) As Daland now sums it up, "Swimming has been getting first pick of the good, strong bodies."

In the early '30s Daland decided swimming was his. He served four years as an apprentice under Bob Kipphut at Yale. While working for Kipphut, Daland persuaded him that they should publish a monthly mailer of swimming performances. "I proposed my time and his money," Daland explains. This partnership had two significant results: 1) Kipphut lost \$600 a year and, 2) in collating swimming summaries for the monthly, Daland got a close look at the sport across the U.S.

When it came time for him to move out on his own, Daland picked California, but not for reasons that would occur to just anybody. The geography,

the cultural and economic climate and the generally equable year-round temperature of California all suggest a perfect land for competitive swimming. But as a student of swimming, Daland knew that the only climate that matters must be man-made and the only temperature that counts is the fever in the coach and team. When these requirements are met, a great swimming team is possible anywhere, among the penguins of Antarctica or under the auspices of Santa Claus at the North Pole. This is the First Law of Competitive Swimming, and it can be validated by the record books.

As the records attest, in the '20s, when competitive swimming became a serious affair, California was a booming, sun-blessed land, but virtually a wasteland of competitive swimming. In the '20s—indeed, in the '30s and '40s—the majority of the great swimmers were born under the bitter winter winds of the Midwest, in the chlorine-stenched waters of the East and in the irrigation ditches of Hawaii, where there were coaches who gave the sport 25 hours a day.

What interested Daland about the California wasteland in the early '50s was another peculiar circumstance. Though still short on talent, California was a land of swimming pools, into which well-dressed celebrities occasionally fell or were pushed and into which, sadly, small children also fell and drowned. Swimming schools where children could be water-proofed had sprung up all around Los Angeles. To keep the kids interested, the instructors naturally staged meets. By the time the AAU Age Group swimming program was rolling, southern California kids were lined up, ready to affiliate. The good, strong bodies were already in the swim, so Daland packed up his zeal and went west.

He remembers his plane flight out very well. His first California job promised him a base pay slightly better than he could have made running an elevator. On the plane he met friends of some of his prep school friends. These new acquaintances were getting off at Dallas to look into some oil wells that promised to net them a bundle. They were astonished to learn that a smart, snappy Easterner like Daland was going all the way to California to coach swimming. They simply did not believe it.

"Are you interested in oil or money?" Daland asked his new friends, who were not interested in oil. Then, with his usual abrupt logic, Daland said, "I am interested in swimming."

END



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## Tough workout in St. Louis

There were 600 spectators looking on and television cameras peeping about to catch the nuances of each coup last week when the American International Team made its competitive debut at the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, and what observers saw was almost a debut to rue. Nonplaying Captain John Gierber had arranged the 80 deal exhibition match against a St. Louis team as part of the training for his squad, which will represent the U.S. at the World Championships in Italy this June. What Gierber's men got was a match and a half.

Playing on the U.S. team were its three top pairs: G. Robert Nail and Jim Jacoby, Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, plus the alternate pair, David Carter and Gerald Michaud. Against them, St. Louis marshaled its defending Vanderbilt champions, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Levitt, Larry Kulker, George De Runiz and Garrett Nash, plus Charles Wiley, James Epstein, Phil Feldacker and Al Mariani, with John Simon as both captain and player.

Early in the play, the Internationals had much the best of it, as had been expected. At the conclusion of the third 20-board session, the North American squad held a lead of 30 International

Match Points, 13 of which were picked up by Howard Schenken's masterful play of a game bid (*hand A*, below).

At both tables South played a four-spade contract. When St. Louis held the North-South hands, West's opening lead of the diamond jack gave South no chance, the way the cards happened to lie. But when the U.S. team was North-South, Schenken took full advantage of the opportunity afforded by West's opening lead of the heart K. He finessed with dummy's jack, losing to the king. Mrs. Levitt made the only return that could give trouble—a diamond, knocking out dummy's ace. Had Schenken attempted to get two immediate diamond discards on the hearts, or had he first drawn two rounds of trumps, he could not have made the contract. Instead, he led a low heart and trumped it, then played the ace and king of spades. It didn't matter that West's doubleton included the queen, for Schenken could now make the hand anyway. He cashed two good hearts, discarding diamonds, then led another heart, ruffed by East and overruffed by declarer. A club was conceded, and a diamond return ruffed. Dummy remained with one trump to ruff a club, and a good heart. Declarer cheerfully gave up the last diamond trick.

But the competition that started like a practice romp for the U.S. team eventually developed into a tense duel.

The 78th deal of the match (*hand B*), saw St. Louis gain 14 IMPs and pull within five points of the U.S. team.

Jordan's raise to four hearts was partly meant as a trap for a four-spade bid. South fell into it, but when the trap was sprung it was Jordan who got caught.

South trumped the second heart lead with the 6 of spades, led a diamond to dummy and returned a club. East played low, and South won with the king. The

lead of the jack of clubs put East in for a third heart lead, forcing South to ruff. With the 5-spot in dummy, all declarer's low cards were equals, so he false-carded again by ruffing with the 7, thus setting the stage for a curious finale.

South cashed the diamond ace, trumped a club in dummy, led North's

<i>West dealer</i>		NORTH	
<i>North's side vulnerable</i>		♠ 9 8 5	
		♥ 7 6 5	
		♦ K Q 8 3 2	
		♣ 6 4	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 3		♠ K J 10 2	
♥ A K 10 8 4 3		♥ Q J 9	
♦ J 7 6 5		♦ 9 4	
♣ 9 3		♣ A Q 8 5	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A Q 7 6 4	
		♥ 2	
		♦ A 10	
		♣ K J 10 7 2	
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Declarer)	(Dummy)	(Declarer)	(Dummy)
♥	PASS	♥	1♣
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

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*Opening lead: King of hearts*

remaining high diamond and overruffed with his queen when East ruffed with the spade 10. Another club ruff in dummy was followed by a diamond. East ruffed with the jack to force South's ace. Dummy's ruff of the fifth club was overtrumped by East's king and now East's return of the spade 2 (actually the first time trumps had been led) saw the 2, 3 and 4 of trumps played on the last trick, with South's 4-spot winning the contract.

It was a triumph that brought a roar from the crowd, but this was to be St. Louis' final big effort. The first two boards were swing-proof. Thus the U.S. team won its first training match, but it worked up a healthy sweat doing it. **END**

<i>North dealer</i>		NORTH	
<i>East-West vulnerable</i>		♠ K 7 3	
		♥ A Q J 7 3 2	
		♦ A 8 7	
		♣ 2	
WEST		EAST	
♠ Q 9		♠ 8 6 2	
♥ 8 4		♥ K 10 6 5	
♦ K J 10 6		♦ Q J 3	
♣ A Q 10 8 6		♣ J 5 3	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A J 10 5 4	
		♥ 9	
		♦ 9 5 2	
		♣ K 9 7 4	



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## A mannerly kind of murder

While Toronto's citizens watched in polite silence, hockey's most gentlemanly team methodically slaughtered its uncouth rivals

"Lord, it's quiet in here," muttered a newsman from Chicago, gazing fearfully around Toronto's cavernous Maple Leaf Gardens. Below him, in tense silence, a hockey game was being played between the visiting Chicago Black Hawks and Toronto's own lethal Maple Leafs. The Chicago man's ears were attuned to the din of dingy old Chicago Stadium, where the big, rough, tough Hawks have committed mayhem on their opponents week after week during the last few months to the high-decibel cheers and boos of the Chicago fans. Now the Hawks themselves were being slaughtered, and the cool appreciation of the Toronto fans watching the act was getting to the Chicagoan's nerves.

As hefts the gentlemanly Maple Leafs, who brush their teeth twice a day and wear neat blue monogrammed blazers when they are not working on the ice, this was murder with class. When the Leafs kill, they do it like Mack the Knife—there's not a trace of red.

Even though they were watching the hockey game of the year, the 14,000 Torontonians on hand heismarched the mannerly occasion with no unseemly emotion. A local sociologist has suggested that the extraordinary good manners of Toronto hockey fans—long a matter of record—is due to: 1) the fact that most of them hold season tickets at the Gardens that can be lifted for misbehavior and given to one of the 8,000 customers who have been waiting for up to 10 years to get a permanent seat, and 2) the fact that it would take a Joe DeMaggio to hurl a tomato to the ice or a Joe Humphreys to make himself heard, the seats are placed so far back.

True, there was a small flurry of booing when the Hawks' muscular Bobby Hull threw several haymakers at Maple Leaf Eddie Shack. But the outburst was prompted, in all probability, less by concern over Hull's attack than by regret at

his bad manners. By the time Hull struck, Chicago was behind 3-0 and for all practical purposes as dead as Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Hull's belligerence seemed only a sort of vulgar spasm in the dying corpse, like the uncouth flopping of a headless chicken. When the spasm occurred, Toronto was already the prohibitive favorite to capture its first National Hockey Championship since 1947-48. The Hawks, who had seemed to have the prize firmly in hand only two weeks before when they led the Leafs by nine fat points, had almost certainly thrown

away what would have been their first title ever in 37 long years of striving.

All through the season the Hawks had looked like winners. They had not been out of first place since December 2—a span of 42 games. Their individual stars had been exciting: Hull himself, the Golden Boy, the big, blond, handsome high-scoring Hawk hero; Stan Mikita, the sparkplug, the hoiler guy with the high stick, one of the best little men (170 pounds) ever seen on NHL ice; Defense-man Perre Pilote, hard and canny; Goalie Glenn Hall, man of the big save. If Chicago Coach Rudy Pilous expected disaster, he concealed the feeling Saturday afternoon. "Physically and mentally we're as sharp as you can get a hockey team," he said.

Punch Imlach, the Leafs' manager-coach and a powerful positive thinker, was no less confident.

"We're a pretty good hockey club," he allowed. "Our little center, Dave Keon, is the best in the business. Frank Mahovlich is our home-run hitter, I think the schedule favors us. We have an advantage with three home games. Chicago only gets one."

continued



GOOD GUY KEON SLIPS BEHIND BAD GUY MIKITA TO HEAD DOWN THE ICE

90 PROOF



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### HOCKEY

Meanwhile, it must have lifted the hearts of Toronto followers to read in *Maclean's* magazine, a Canadian weekly, that Dave Keon was the best good player in the league. By "good" the writer meant wholesome—Dave is so whiter-than-white that he has amassed precisely two minutes of penalty time all season.

What did *Maclean's* readers learn of Chicago? In an article titled *The Hawk Hawks of Chicago*, by American Pitcher-Author Jim Brosnan, they learned, among other things, that Stan Mikita was no puritan. "There are rough players and there are dirty players," Stan was quoted as saying. "I'm rough and dirty."

With Keon and Mikita facing each other on the ice beneath a huge photograph of Canada's gracious Queen Elizabeth II, with the strains of the national anthem echoing from the walls, any Toronto fan who did not feel himself lined up on the side of St. George against the forces of evil had to be some kind of a kook. As if to prove Toronto's rectitude, the game itself turned into an eerie and unprecedented morality play in which the "good guys" seemed to play well-nigh perfect hockey and the "bad guys" were wretched right from the start.

"We broke from the gate like a race-horse," Imbrie said later. Led by the swift, stylish Keon, the Leafs rained rubber on Hall, and when they lost the puck, badgered Chicago without mercy. Keon's stick check—a sweeping thrust at the puck—was magnificent to see.

Chicago couldn't claw out of its own zone for some seven minutes, or put a shot on Goalie Don Simmons for nearly 10. Whenever a Hawk did penetrate the enemy blue line he either got knocked about or found himself felled in by a thicket of hostile sticks—jabbing, jabbing at the puck.

Only the inspired goaltending of Glenn Hall saved the Hawks from utter rout. And when the Leafs got a penalty as they did from time to time, it looked as if the Hawks were the penalized team, so deftly did the penalty killers wheel and steal.

The Maple Leafs scored their first goal while short-handed in the first period and added a goal in each of the others. But the first Toronto goal was all that was needed to complete the slaughter of Chicago. Murder, Inc. could not have done it better with snub-nosed, 38s and silencers.

END



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## HEAVYWEIGHT MUDDLE

*continued from page 17*

"and I also knew one more like that I'd be on my way to Louisville. So when Jones said, 'Don't run. Stay and fight,' I said, 'Stay cool, Daddy, the title is at stake. Be with you in a minute.'"

Unaccountably, Jones waited that minute. Clay won the second and third rounds by carrying the fight to Jones and by outboxing him. Then the Great Fourth was upon them. Clay had advertised for some time he would knock out Jones in the sixth, later cut that figure to four ("A voice come in the night and said, 'Now is the time'"). Jones denies vigorously that he was in any way daunted by the prediction. Indeed, he fought it well, counterpunching Clay expertly, and Clay managed to get moving only in the final minute. So what happened to the knockout? "Man, who knows?" said Cassius. "When I make a prediction and it comes true, nobody watching is as surprised as I am. But I never let on I'm surprised. Why spoil the fun?" That Cassius failed to keep his promise spoiled nothing for the 11 businessmen who sponsor him. "If he'd done it," said one, "not one man in one thousand would believe it wasn't a fix."

Discomfited by missing his prediction, Cassius fought the next three rounds like a luckluster beginner. "I knew he was making me look bad," said Cassius. That he was. It was like seeing Clay under infra-red light: all his defects, normally obscured by his brilliant speed, sharp punches and shiftiness, showed clearly. He held his hands too low, he leaned his head back from Jones's punches instead of dancing away (Liston would have taken off that head), he didn't work Jones's body ("Kill the head and the body dies" is the novel and unproved theory Cassius operates on) and when he got inside to Jones the most punishing thing he did was clinch. Jones all the while, though not the classiest heavyweights you'll ever see, took his time flicking off meaningless, snapless jabs with glove and elbow and, when Clay's guard was down, drove in and leaped at Clay with solid combinations. The crowd, which had abandoned the Prophet after the fourth round, was wildly exuberant.

Alas for them. In the last three rounds, particularly in the last two, Clay made great strides—a good thing, because the two judges had him behind in points at the time. Here were brief glimpses of the Cassius Clay in Cassius Clay's mind.

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His timing was suddenly sharper: his hands were held higher, he pressed on Jones as if that tomato-red Cadillac really did matter. Wearing down by now, Jones suffered Clay to hit at him in successive stretches, drove at him only when he got fed up. Jones's defense was still good (a factor getting short shift under New York boxing custom, where judges tend to count punches more than their effect). But he could not convince any but the most willfully optimistic that he was any longer in control of the fight. "He was fighting me like crazy. I'll say that," said Cassius. "He could have eaten Floyd Patterson up, the way he was going. But see the difference. I came on strong at the finish. When you can do that you can become the champion."

"I'll fix all of you."

What came on even stronger at the end was the unhuddled outrage of the crowd, which, hearing the unanimous decision, screamed it was a fix and littered the ring with trash, whiskey bottles and at least one switchblade knife. "Fix?" Cassius yelled right back at his tormentors. "I'll fix all of you if you don't shut up. Hold me, Angelo!" And he said later, "They wanted me to be a wavin'-match villain, so I was. I was having fun, and I was already working on the gate for the next fight."

That next fight, though not arranged yet, may well be with Doug Jones. Jones wants it, because, he says, there was no reason for him to lose this time. "He was the poorest fighter I ever met," Jones said after the fight, but tempered that somewhat the next day to read, "He was certainly not one of the best." Said his manager, a Manhattan furrier named Alex Koskowitz, "Doug will win by a knockout." After that there's talk of Clay fighting in England and Europe, perhaps against Ingemar Johansson. The idea that Clay will meet Listen by fall, expressed often by the Louisville Lip himself, gives one the shivers.

Looking for the silver lining in the cloud now over Cassius' head, a member of his sponsoring group said, "We think he learned a lesson no amount of talk could teach him—up around the top of the heavyweight division, fighters don't faint when he says 'Boo!' "

"Well," says Cassius, "tell my fans I'm sorry. Tell them I did my best. And tell them I ain't Superman. If they think I can do everything I say I can do, then they're crazier'n I am." **END**



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*Whether he is seated expressionless behind the wheel of a racing car or on the road selling aluminum, Roger Penske is obsessed with a passion to go the fastest, to be the best, to get on top*



# WHAT MAKES ROGER RACE

BY GILBERT ROGIN

Novelists are naturally more confident of the decisive moments in their characters' lives than biographers, but it is not too great a hazard to relate that the turning point in the life of Roger Penske, who has become one of the world's most accomplished racing drivers while devotedly working five days a week as an aluminum salesman, came when he was 10. That year—it was 1947—Roger was growing up in Shaker Heights, the fashionable Cleveland suburb. One day, momentous only in retrospect, like the footprint in the flower bed, he asked his father for a new bike. Instead of buying it for him, which he could easily have afforded, J. H. Penske (it is German and pronounced Pen-ska) told his son he would have to get one on his own hook. At the time Roger was a carrier for the *Cleveland News*. The *News* was offering a bicycle to any boy who could get 20 new subscribers on his route. "I got 40," Roger recalled the other day. "I could

have had two bikes. Then I thought it was easy, but it gave me confidence. Anything you want you can get if you work at it."

Although Roger's feat was not enough to save the *News*—it was sold in 1960—it taught him some firm precepts that are no less valid for being the catch phrases of a peculiarly American approach to success. "I have always felt, believe me, that nothing is impossible," Roger says, rather grimly. "I mean nothing. If they say it's impossible it only turns me on. The guy who puts the most work in gets the most results. You never get anywhere unless you do something. The guy who's sitting back will get passed while he's waiting. Everything I've said we're going to do, I've done. If it has to be done, I'll get it done somehow."

Due in large part to an unrelenting allegiance to these slogans, Roger Penske has made phenomenal progress in the four years he has gone to the races. In

*continued*

1961 he won his class—D modified—in Sports Car Club of America competition and was selected as Sports Illustrated's Sports Car Driver of the Year. In the final months of 1962 Roger won the Riverside (Calif.) Grand Prix and the Pacific Grand Prix at Laguna Seca, Calif., two of the richest and most prestigious sports car races in the world, and wound up the year by winning twice more in the Grand Prix of Puerto Rico and in the Bahamas Tourist Trophy Race in Nassau. All told, in 1962 he won \$34,350 racing sports cars—a record sum. He was North American champion and was chosen by both *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times* as Sports Car Driver of the Year. This unparalleled succession of triumphs established Roger without question as the finest road-racing driver competing exclusively in America. Since he has confined himself chiefly to sports cars and has not participated in the Grandes Épreuves abroad, which are contested in Formula 1 cars, he cannot be compared with ranking American drivers: Dan Gurney, considered by many, including Roger, to be the best in the world; and Phil Hill, world champion in 1961. As Stirling Moss forthrightly put it when asked to evaluate Penske and Gurney: "Bloody silly!"

This is not to say that Moss intended to slight Penske. After Roger finished ninth in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. last year, Moss sent him a postcard. It read: "It's none of my business, but I wanted to tell you that I thought you drove a damn good race. Intelligence is a rare ability. . . . P.S. My first fan letter for years!"

Gurney thinks highly of his young rival, too. "Considering the time he's been able to spend at it," Dan said at Daytona Beach last month, "he's done extremely well. He's got a real good idea of things equipmentwise, preparationwise. And he gets the best men to help him. If I were running on a team, I'd want him on it. He can run up a situation. He realizes it's not worth taking a chance until he has eliminated a number of the variables, safetywise. His attitude and his approach from all angles is the best. Chances are he has what it takes to achieve whatever goal he has set out to

achieve in racing." As Penske sauntered within earshot, Gurney added, "He's got the money in the bank and everybody hates him."

"My ideas in everything are so much bigger than anyone else's" is another of Roger Penske's tenets. His holdest and most profitable idea is the controversial Zorex-Duralite Special, in which he won the Riverside, Laguna and Puerto Rico Grands Prix. It is a hybrid: a sports car body on the restored frame of a Formula 1 Cooper wreck.

Still another tenet of Roger's is: "There are some things I can't do, but I know people who can do them for me." Roger's mechanic, Roy (Axle) Gane; Bob Webb, a body man from Indianapolis; and Harry Tidmarsh, a local body man, built the Special in 11 weeks. "A guy that can take good people, put them together, gets results," Roger says.

"I had to do something to beat those other guys," Roger says, referring to the Special. "After I did it a lot of people came up to me and said, 'Gee, I thought about doing that.' If it was so easy it should have been done long ago, but I was the one who did it and I won the races."

The disputed design feature of the Special was that Roger's seat was in the middle of the car, as in Formula 1s; the passenger's seat required by sports car specifications was outside the frame.

The Special passed inspection and no one protested it in any of its three races, but the critics began to complain. "Some of the gloss was taken off his wins," wrote one critic, "by his non-sporting Zorex-Duralite F-1 disguised as a sports car." But as another pointed out, "Roger made two mistakes: he won and he was from the East."

"The guy on top," Roger says bitterly, "no matter who he is, there's always something wrong with him. If they can't find anything else to complain about, they'll say he's cheating with another guy's wife. The biggest thing in this racing—everyone's got an excuse. I'll be honest with you, I won races before California. The car just didn't go on the road and run around by itself."

Since the Special doesn't comply with FIA (Fédération Internationale de l'Au-

tomobile) regulations—which were not binding in the three Grands Prix—Roger has recently modified it. He has moved his seat over four inches and now sits on the right, with the passenger's seat alongside him, within the frame, as in conventional sports cars. But by now the Special may be obsolete; Roger has high hopes for a new car, a factory Cooper powered by an all-aluminum Chevrolet engine. "I've got to keep one step ahead of the next guy," Roger says.

"Ingemar Johansson got into boxing

*Penske checks newly installed shock absorber on the redesigned Zorex Special.*





because he liked it," Penske said recently while dining at a restaurant near his home in Gladwyne, Pa., a Philadelphia suburb, "not because he thought he would be champion of the world. And I got into racing because I like cars. I understand cars, I know what has to be done to a car to make it a good one. My success has not been because I'm the best driver. It's been because I outthink, outprepare, outstrategize the next guy."

"The two most important things in racing are preparing a car right and not

taking a hell of a lot of chances. Sure, I like to go fast. Speed doesn't scare me at all. Nothing gives me more fun than to get in a real good dice at top speed with a real good driver, but I've got too much at stake to break my neck. I don't want to get hurt. There's so much I want to do, and I want to be around to do it. I try to keep in mind: you can get hurt in motor racing. It lurks in my mind—use your head and not your foot.

"The main thing is to win the race at the lowest possible speed. If someone's smoking, why bust your hump? You got to finish to win. The thing I worry about most is the unexpected, coming over a hill and seeing three cars stacked up and there's nothing you can do. I know I can prepare myself for the expected." Roger has had only one accident, in a Formula Junior in Nassau last December when his throttle stuck. He went off the road and banged up his left arm and ribs.

"I could see a person in front of me get killed and it wouldn't faze me," he said. "If I'm killed the guys will keep racing. I know what I do. When the road gets wet, I go slow. No one will ever say Roger Penske drove over his head. I saw a car to God they won't. I'm not going to go flat out to give the people a show. I don't get paid for the show. I get paid to win.

"This is my own challenge, do you understand that? No one forced me to go racing. I realize the danger. I've been asked to run at Indianapolis. I turned it down. It's too dangerous. That's my opinion. Not yours, not my wife's, not anyone else's. The plain facts are that if something happens at 160 mph you're in real tough trouble and you better whistle out loud.

"But I feel that nothing's going to happen. I feel that I'm too smart. Ninety percent of the fatalities are a result of driver error. I've driven with guys and let them pass me. Dan [Gurney] passed me at Riverside. The track was oily, we were sliding around the corners. I said to myself, 'Why should I be doing with him?' I let him pass. Later he dropped out. He had problems [a broken throttle linkage]. I know guys say that Dan really blew me off at Riverside, but he and I know he couldn't have passed me if it wasn't oily. He and I know who won

the race. Listen, if this radiator right here"—Roger indicated the radiator alongside the table—"is death, I want to be as far away from it as possible. Arnold Palmer can try harder if he's behind, and if he fails he won't get hurt, but if I try harder, drive faster. . . .

"You're dealing with a team sport here, not just an athlete. You're dealing with something mechanical and something human. A boxer may be big, strong and healthy, but he's got the same gloves on his opponent has. Auto racing is a team sport like horse racing and sailboat racing. The team is the individual and the thing—in this case, the mechanical object. You must be able to get in time with that object.

"A good jockey isn't a good jockey unless he's got a good horse. We're pretty particular. We don't assume anything. We don't have time for this drama a lot of others go through. I try to be a perfectionist—in how I live, too, my personal appearance. I feel bad when I have to do something a little sloppy. I've always been very conscious of my appearance.

"When a car's in good shape and looks good, automatically you're in good shape. When you bring a car on the grid that's beautiful you got a psychological edge. When I brought my car out in Riverside the people were flabbergasted. Everyone expected a backyard special. I mean, the car was beautiful.

"Cars and clothes are the two things I spend money on," Roger says. He has, at last count, 25 suits and sports jackets. He has had, since he was 15, 32 automobiles. The first was a used MG that he bought with the proceeds from the sale of a motorcycle and the insurance he collected when his motorboat was wrecked. His second car was a 1950 Oldsmobile convertible. "That was the neatest car I ever had," Roger says, almost reverently. Then came another 1950 Olds. "I lived it up in a week and sold it for \$600 profit," he says.

There followed, another 1950 Olds convertible ("I made it a mint"), an MG-TC: a 1950 Jaguar XK-120 roadster; a 1954 Jaguar XK-120M roadster ("I ran my first races in that Jag at Canfield, Ohio. I got a third"); a wrecked Chevrolet; another wrecked Chevy ("I

In background are *Mechanic Roy Gave* (left) and *Bob's Man Hours Tidmarsh*



(continued)

fixed them up and sold both"); a 1956 Ford, a 1955 Jaguar MC-140 roadster; a Corvette ("That was the first real race car I had. I won a couple of hell climbs with it"); a 1948 Chevrolet; a 300 SL Mercedes ("That was my ultimate. It had only 4,000 miles on it. Just a cream puff"); a Chevy station wagon; a 1950 Chevy; a Porsche RS Spyder ("That was my first all-out racing car"); a Porsche RSK Spyder ("That had been wrecked

including his wife. "We're going to do, but on our own. We're going to make our own name." There was no real need for Roger to work, as he did each summer and during school holidays from the time he was 9 until he graduated from Lehigh. J. H. Penske is a vice-president of Williams & Co., a prosperous metal warehousing concern. Even as recently as his senior year at Lehigh, however, Roger worked a whole day of his Christ-

through, and when football practice began at Shaker Heights High the following year he reported, limping. He had lost his speed and couldn't cut, but he found he could manage at defensive end. In a game against Euclid, Roger blocked two punts in the end zone for touchdowns, recovering one himself.

Despite his weak ankle, Roger has now taken up skiing. "I'm not satisfied if I'm sitting still," he says. "I like to do everything. But if I'm doing this with my right hand I know I'm going to be able to do this with my left. My wife says I'm going to be dead before I'm 40. But I don't do anything I don't do with both feet, carry through. If I go skiing I have to have the best of equipment, of everything. We're going skiing, we're not just going over to a golf course and run down the hill. I have a 10 handicap in golf, but I don't want to be a hacker. I know I'm going to get down to five or six this summer. And I'm a 160, 170 howler. My wife and I are in a mixed howling league."

Roger has always fared better in sports than in schoolwork. "I never studied," he admits. "I'd get behind in a course, forget about it." He did, however, scrape through Lehigh and got his B.S. in industrial management in 1959. What he most fondly remembers about college was being elected to Arcadia, the student government, with the second highest number of votes. "I've always liked politics," he says. "My first and biggest defeat was when I lost an election for president of my class in elementary school. I wasn't put off. They always pick a typical president-type guy. I was also head of the concession committee at Lehigh. That was right down my alley. School scared! We made a mint on that! We sold 300 scarves in two nights at a \$3 profit per scarf."

"He was one of the most enterprising guys at Lehigh," recalls Bruce Crichton, who roomed with Roger at the Phi Gamma Delta house and is now a partner in a brokerage house. "He had a fantastic business sense. He was always doing something, and he certainly didn't need the dough. The guy was a fireball! Always out, always looking for more. And he usually got what he wanted. I admired

*Continued*



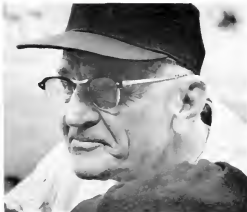
Lisa Penske playfully plays with son Rip, 3½, while Greg, 9 months, looks on (above)

at Marlboro, Md. I started winning with it in 1959. I was third in my class. My wife Lisa and I worked on that one. She'd get down and hold something for me. You know, in the beginning, love is blind"; a Porsche RS-60, a Chevy wagon; a Birdage Maserati; a Cooper; another Cooper—the Cooper that became the Zerev Special; a Corvair; two more Corvairs; a Ford wagon; an E-type Jag, another Corvair, and a Pontiac Grand Prix.

Ever since he won the bicycle from the *Cleveland News* Roger Penske has been determined to make his own way. "What we're going to do," he has said,

was holiday delivering flowers before taking Lisa to a fancy ball. "I think the greatest legacy you can leave a boy is a desire to work," J.H. says.

When Roger was 14 his newspaper route became too big for him to cover by bicycle, so he bought a motorbike. The bike and frequent visits to Sportsman's Park, an Akron speedway, helped kindle his interest in racing. But a motorcycle he purchased at 16 nearly ended any thoughts of a racing career: his right ankle was badly crushed in an accident. At first the doctors thought they would have to amputate, but after 12 weeks in the hospital Roger pulled



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### ROGER PENSKE *Continued*

this kind of guy. Still do. 'There goes Roger Penske,' he wanted people to say. 'He's done this and so.' The guy wanted to be tops. He liked to be in the center of things. 'Let's do this, let's do that,' he was always saying. He was never a sit-down-and-have-a-long-chat-type guy.

"He takes them pretty much to the limit in business," Bruce says. "He knows the line and goes right to the edge, but if he let everyone take the inside corner every time he'd just be another guy on the track. He can sell anything to anybody.

"He enjoys a crowd and 'What's new, Roger?' and he enjoys telling them. He always wants to make sure you know what he's done. He gets earned away at times. He wants to be Roger Penske. He wants to be up there. I've named my daughter Lisa — after his wife."

For the last four years Roger has been working for Alcoa as a sales engineer. "It's a glorified name for peddler," he said the other day. "I sell aluminum. I like Alcoa. I like the big leagues. Your future in Alcoa today is terrific, if you want to work. Guys can go up this way."

—Roger drew a rapid, ascending line through the air with his forefinger— "rather than go slowly up the tree. In 15 years I want to be very, very successful in business, because I think I will have wasted my life if I haven't been. I won't stay with Alcoa unless I can be at the top in four or five years. I want to be able to do exactly what I want to do. Right now I've got a lot of pressure on me. The pressure has given me forward momentum. I've taken a lot of gambles. I'm not afraid to take a gamble—except on my life. I've been lucky, but I think you make your luck. I've never had any real setbacks, real disappointments. I'm trying to maintain an image as a businessman, a responsible person. Racing, in this sense, is hurting me. I don't want to be known as a race driver. I'll be selling aluminum long after I'm through racing. I could just say I'll go on racing, but you become a has-been, you turn into a jerk. But racing's enabled me to meet people you got to know, to have contacts.

"You got to capitalize on this thing while you can. One day you eat the bear, one day the bear eats you. I'll get out of

racing when it becomes too great a liability to the company, when I'm worth something. Down deep I'm trying to exploit this thing as much as I can. Why shouldn't I? I can get as vicious as the next guy. I've been giving away too much until this past year. I want to make as much money as I can. I'll do anything for a buck."

"We don't want to ruin Roger Penske," said an Alcoa executive one day last month. "He's only 26. His progress has been almost spectacular, and it points to an outstanding future. He's not brilliant, but he shows a very unusual poise, a savvy about business matters, a meticulous attention to detail not generally associated with a topflight salesman.

"We've endorsed his racing activities with a proviso—if it hurts business he has to make the choice. I had a talk with him a year ago. He asked me to tell him when his racing began to interfere. I think he hopes it will. It will show he is making progress. He has maintained admirable balance in view of his success. He doesn't do any of the little things that spring from conceit, arrogance, an inflated self-opinion."

**S**ome of our people in Pittsburgh look askance at his racing activities. "Ah, no," we tell them, "keep your shirt on. He knows the score." It's hard for me to believe he's completely immune to the applause. I wonder at times. He tries to do so much. I worry. One thing not yet determined is how much potency he has. There is a reasonable progression in a conservative firm like Alcoa when you're surrounded by senior, capable men. Roger will get his in time if he'll wait for it. I've got people willing to bet he won't be with Alcoa when he's 30. One year more I'll take that bet.

"Roger's a normal American boy who grew up, got interested in something and had success with it. I hope he'll grow up further and realize it's not for him. His intelligence tells him it's not for the long pull. His ambition to rise in Alcoa will be the alternative to his racing. At the moment the two are in balance. We're trying to feed this drive for greater responsibility. Keep his incentive alive, but only as

*continued*

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SHULTON

### ROGER PENSKE *continued*

he earns it. He's a handsome young scamp and we wish him well."

"He's handsome and he knows it," says Al Bochroch, a partner in Gray & Rogers, the advertising agency that handles the DuPont Zerex racing exploitation program. "He's unusually clean-cut. He's a prototype. He's cugey, but in a good, clean-cut American way. He's apple pie. People, older people, take a liking to him for his clean-cutness. Roger knows it. He's my young friend, but I'm not blind to his faults. He's like a fighter who sells over 100% of himself. He's got 87 balls in the air: racing, Alcoa, Zerex. He says Duralite just means durable and light, but I wouldn't be surprised if some friend of his in Texas comes out with a product called Duralite. He owns 100 U-Haul trailers; he's done an ad endorsing Champion spark plugs; he's gone out to the Mojave Desert to do a commercial for Rapid-Shave. He's like a Monte Carlo crozier. Everything Roger does is expedient. He's going to die from a nervous breakdown."

"Roger always wanted to do well," Lissa Stouffer Penske said one afternoon last week. "We used to talk about the time he would do so." Lissa's father, now deceased, was one of the two Stouffer brothers who founded the restaurant chain that bears their name. ("You should have seen Roger and Lissa's wedding," says Bruce Crichton. "Meyer Davis himself! They ended up leaving in a helicopter for their honeymoon. The damn thing dropped down on the front lawn.")

Lissa was sitting in the living room of their pleasant, modern home. The boys, Kip, 3½, and Greg, 9 months, were supposed to be taking naps. Greg was; distant, faint commotion indicated Kip wasn't. "Sure, Roger's grown up," Lissa said. "He's no longer the guy who got drunk at every college party. But so has everyone else grown up. He's matured, he's not so carefree, but so has everyone. I met him when he was 20, I was about 18. It was a blind date. I was the May Queen at school—Hathaway Brown—so he had seen my picture. I had never seen him, but I had seen this little girl he was going with who always wore his letter sweater. It came down to her knees. I mean, she was petite. I pictured him as being pinstripe-thin, but he turned out

to be just normal size. I was told he was a fast person with a lot of lines and not to take anything he said seriously. He had been told that I was very cold. That's what I was supposed to be. When he said good night to me he must have been standing 20 yards from the door.

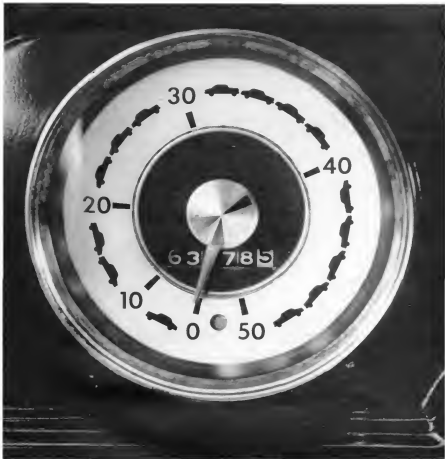
"The first time we went out it was a double date. We went to a movie and he fell asleep. He was driving his Jaguar. I didn't know one car from another then. I couldn't have cared less. I learned later that he had spent five hours washing the car before taking me out. He had to impress me, show me what good brakes he had. When we were driving home he went 100 mph in a 35-mph zone and slammed on the brakes. I practically went through the windshield. 'Yes,' I said, 'you have good brakes.' We were pinned that fall, engaged at Christmas and married the next September—September 6, 1958.

"Before we went to a dance or a party we had to wash the car, whether or not it meant being three hours late. Every day, wash the car. He'd drop me off sometimes at 4 a.m. and go home and wash the car. He wants the prettiest car. I never dated anyone like that—so neat and everything pressed and shining. He's still like that. He very rarely goes out of the house without shining his shoes. He'll wear khakis sometimes, but they're always starched. Many a time he'll go out and buy me a dress. They're always perfect. Many a time he'll look at my hair and go, 'Ugh,' and ask me if I had been sitting in the washing machine."

Kip charged into the living room, shoes flying, gulped a glass of milk and began building a plastic railroad on the carpet. "This one," Lissa said, "is worse than his father. He's an extremely independent child," it said on his nursery-school report card. It's hard to get Roger to sit still for a meal. Roger doesn't relax. He doesn't want to. He gets bored. Sometimes he'll go to bed at 8 with big plans for watching television. Five minutes later he's asleep."

Lissa got up, went into the bedroom to get Greg. She put him in his playpen, where he began to play furiously with his Busy Box. "It's a joy to look back at the beginning," she said. "Roger idolized the guys at the track in Akron. We used

*continued*



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**LORDS**  
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LOUISVILLE-GREENSBORO KENTUCKY 40 PROOF

## ROGER PENNKE

to sneak in, sit on a fire truck. It's amazing how quickly it's come. It's so vivid in my mind when we were sneaking in. But he's been more than lucky. It's like he sort of dreamed it. I think he's still amazed. He was almost like a child that had seen I don't know what after Riverside."

**H**e likes to do something well," Lissa said. "We went into a dance contest once. Just at the club. He really got keyed up for it. He doesn't like to lose. If he can't do something well he'll keep at it until he can do it. One thing he couldn't get at first was the twist. He stood for hours in front of that mirror with a towel. When challenged, he'll do it, and when he does something he's all for that thing at that moment."

"Roger doesn't change when he gets into a car. Others get on a track, they seem like they're not even with it. They become fearless, so cold. I don't think they should drive that hard, but apparently that's what it takes. As long as Roger doesn't lose his head and forget the dangers of racing, everything will be all right. I could make him stop, but it wouldn't do much good unless he wanted to. I am more afraid now because of the responsibility, the children, our friends getting hurt and killed. But we feel there's a reason for every one of our friends. Each one was driver error. As long as it's driver error he won't get into trouble. He won't take that extra step over the line to win. He doesn't have that drive. He always seems to do best in time trials. You can walk across a street and something happens. I believe that. It helps. Roger told me he plans to give it up next year."

"I never knew anything about it when I started," she said, "but I enjoy it now because I know about cars. I help Roger in the pits. I know and I like the people in racing. I don't see how people can enjoy a race without knowing anyone in it, just watching cars go round and round. We were driving home from a party the other night and we said, 'Isn't racing more fun?' We said it at the same time."

"Many a time he goes to bed at 4 a.m. after working on the car and is up at 7,

but he's still pleasant, still awake. He wants to please everyone. They asked him to be treasurer of our local SCCA. He accepted. That's the biggest job I ever got. But, oh boy! Those women who have 8-to-5 husbands. Really great! For a few days it'd be just fine, but I don't want that kind of husband. I've got no complaints. I hear of those 8-to-5 husbands who have a drink after work, wind up having seven, come home at 10, never call. At least I know where he is. In the shop with Roy. But he should spend more time with the kids. I have long talks with him about that. Kip gets so excited when Roger comes home. I tell him to please stay home until Kip goes to bed." Kip was building trestles, hitching up his train: Greg was breaststroking on the bottom of the playpen. "If Roger stops racing at the end of this year," Lissa said, "Kip will never realize what it was. It'll just be a scrapbook."

A couple of weeks before Roger was to race in the Daytona Continental on February 17, he was fretting about three cars: the Zerev Special, which Roy Gane and Harry Tidmarsh were putting together in Roger's shop, Updraught Enterprises, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.; the new Cooper with the aluminum Chevrolet engine, which he was anxious to test-drive at Riverside; and the blue Ferrari GTO, which he would race at Daytona.

The Ferrari and the new Cooper belong to John W. Meccom Jr., a 23-year-old Texas oil millionaire. Roger is driving for the Meccom racing team this year. Meccom pays the bills and splits the prize and appearance money with Roger.

One Saturday morning Roger drove to Luigi Chinetti's Ferrari shop in New York, where Neil Robson, Meccom's Australian mechanic, and his assistant, Chris Rackless, were working on the Ferrari. "Will it be ready?" Roger asked one of the Italian mechanics. "The car will be ready," he replied softly. "Will you?" "Do you think I'll be ready?" Roger asked, pointedly. "I think so," said the Italian. Roger left after lunch; he had to get back to Philadelphia for a bowling tournament. He didn't make it.

"I'll tell you how Roger does all the things he does," Roy said the following day. "He doesn't. Our lord was mad

(continued)





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## Collector's Item

(New middleweight wagon that handles a full size load)

Wagon fanciers have made a great discovery: this new Fairlane wagon carries a load like the big wagons, yet is 8 inches trimmer in length, 8 inches slimmer in width (it slips through traffic almost like a compact!).

Other distinguishing features of these trim new middleweights are a remarkably smooth ride, Ford's exclusive

twice-a-year (or 6000 miles) maintenance and lively V-8\* (including the Challenger 260i or thrifty Six power).

Surprisingly, the Fairlanes are priced below some wagons with less load space...right down with some compact station wagons, in fact! Whether you choose the handsome Squire, above, or a beautiful Ranch Wagon, you'll find

Fairlane Station Wagons ideal for collecting kids, cargo or compliments! See your Ford Dealer...America's Station Wagon Specialist.

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America's longest-lived line of wagons

# FORD

FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD

Talk about wagons...your Ford Dealer has more to talk about

when he came in last night. He's lucky anyone's still around."

"He'll wind up finishing it [the Special] himself," said Harry.

"Well, we'll soon find out whether he's going to race or play games," Roy said. "Our lord is coming," he said, hearing Roger's Corvair on the drive. "Stand at attention."

The Continental was on a Sunday. Roger arrived in Daytona on Thursday night. He takes his three weeks' vacation a day or two at a time, tagged onto weekends, and often arrives at the track with barely enough time to get in his practice laps. He learned that Marvin Panch had been badly hurt that morning when the experimental Ford-powered Miserati he was driving crashed and burned. "I'd never have driven that thing," Roger said. "I'd never have gotten within six feet of it."

"I'm not here to wear out my good clothes," Roger said in his motel room that night. "I want to start the season ahead. When I go racing I race to win. I used to not feel that way. I used to feel that if, say, Dan was in a race with me he's got to beat me, he's so good. It was a mental block. I'd relax my driving and let him go by. I felt it didn't hurt me to come in second behind him. I still have a tendency when someone passes me to give up the fight, and that's wrong. I run at a certain pace, the way I feel. Sometimes people think I'm not very fast. 'He's just lucky,' they say. It worries me sometimes what other people think. And that may be wrong, too. I don't know. When you go racing you got to race. You can't do it halfway. You got to key yourself up. They don't pay for second place. You got to be enthusiastic and you have to want to win."

**T**he next morning he went out and took his practice laps. "Gee, isn't this fun," Roger said that night. He was wound up. "Fireball [Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, a stock-car driver] showed me how to run those banks. I was really enthused. Boy, that was fun. I passed old Fireball. I don't know if I was supposed to do that. I'm not kidding. That's fantastic."

The night before the race Roger's mood changed again. "The fun's gone," he said. "I'll be honest with you, I won't enter a race unless I can make some money at it. It's cutthroat. It's a business for everyone that's in it. As soon as money entered into it, it was finished. I hate to see it come out this way. I feel sorry for anyone that doesn't have a competitive ear."

"Sometimes you're very confident, but sometimes you get scared, too. Sometimes you want to have a good excuse not to drive. I'm going to go out and get with it. I know I want to go fastest. It's an advantage to go out and run a couple of fast laps, enhance your position. Psychologically you have an advantage. I'll lay awake now going over the race, how I'm going to come out. I've had thoughts in my mind that something might happen and I didn't know what to do. But I've gotten mentally to a point where I know I can win a race: before I wasn't sure. The nerves and the tension are like pitching the last three outs in a no-hit ball game. You're really there! I want to go out, get a lead and then build it. When I'm leading the race I don't look in the mirror at all."

At 1:45 p.m. Sunday, Roger got into the blue Ferrari. He was wearing his white crash helmet, a baby-blue, fireproof suit, freshly cleaned and pressed, one pink glove and one red glove. He gave his final instructions to his pit crew, who crouched on the grid by the car. Miss Pure Oil, a *suffragette* blonde, went by on a float, and Roger paused. "Hey, look at that," he said.

"Are you ready?" Tyler Alexander, another of Neil's assistants, asked. "Tell you when I get back," Roger replied. "Remember. I want to see one of you guys out there every lap whether I can see you or not." This drew a nervous laugh.

Roger shook each of their hands, spit into his gloves and slid the window shut. He began to gun his engine, as 41 other drivers were doing, and tested his horn. It had a high, almost ridiculous note as though it belonged on a toy car. Just before the race began he beckoned

to one of his crew, who ran back onto the grid. Roger slid open the window and told him to be sure they had something to cut the seal on the gas tank cap with when he came in for his fueling stop. Then he closed the window for the last time. He sat back in his seat, arms outstretched, and grasped the wheel. His face was totally devoid of expression. He looked neither grim nor sense nor reposeful. As much as anything else, he looked as though he were dead.

**R**oger had a bad starting position, there was a lot of traffic to get by and he never attained the early lead he had sought. He slowly worked his way up to second behind Pedro Rodriguez, who was driving a slightly newer model of the same Ferrari. Once, Roger spun and went off the road when he hit an oil slick. He couldn't restart his engine immediately and lost 30 seconds. He finished the race in second place, 14 seconds behind Rodriguez, who was penalized 50 seconds for an improper pit stop. A protest involving another of Pedro's pit stops was disallowed. If it had been upheld Roger would have won. Pedro won \$11,000; place money was \$4,600.

"You see the way I drive," he said, elated again. "I didn't take a chance all day. I was so mad when I went off the road, I just hunched down like this and waited. There'll be other races. I'm not at the top by a long shot, but if I ever went over to win the world championship I think I'd have a chance. I'd have to spend three years over there. It'd take a year to learn the courses. People ask me, 'Why are you racing?' Listen, with \$30,000 in five races a guy might do something out of the ordinary."

"The thing that thrills me about racing," he said, as he got out of his fireproof suit, "is that you have a chance to prepare a mechanism and then put it through its paces. The only boundaries are the scientific limits. Each race you're trying to establish these limits. Each year they get faster and faster. It's a dance, isn't it?" **END**

# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The college basketball season was in its final days, and as far as the NCAA championship was concerned, the thing to be was a favorite. Sixteen teams played in the four NCAA regional elimination tournaments over the weekend (see page 22) and what came out as winners were the three big names—Cincinnati, Duke and Loyola of Chicago. The sole underdog to join this elite trio was Oregon State, and its victory in the West was a mild enough upset. Thus, one thing the regionals insured was that the NCAA finals in Louisville's Freedom Hall this weekend was going to be a battle of the best. Meanwhile, there was plenty of other tournament action where favorites didn't fare so well.

## THE NIT

As it moved toward its weekend finale in New York's Madison Square Garden, the National Invitation Tournament offered enough tension for a whole season, and then some. Three of the first six games were decided by a single point, and Wichita, the nation's No. 3 team and the pretournament pick, was knocked out by Villanova.

Villanova's reputation was hardly impressive going into the NIT. The Wildcats had floundered badly early in the season, but they showed a winner's flair as they beat DePaul 63-51 and then upset Wichita 54-53. DePaul stayed with Villanova for a half, but eventually the Wildcats' harassing zone defense choked off the Blue Demons. However, it was Wally Jones, a quick 6-foot-2 guard, who really ruined them. When he wasn't throwing accurate passes to fast-cutting teammates, he was going over the frantically waving DePaul defenders for 10 baskets (and 28 points in all) with his unusual jump shot on which he hesitates briefly in mid-air and then pushes the ball off, like a guy throwing a baseball.

Wichita, with a reputation for fast-breaking and zone-pressure, didn't do either very well against Villanova. Jones, directing the offense with the nonchalance of a man out for a stroll, merely dribbled away from the press whenever the Shockers tried it, and the fast break died when Villanova's 6-foot-7 Jim Washington consistently snatched rebounds away from Wichita's 6-foot-10 Nate Bowman. Despite this, Villanova was behind 53-51 with 1:16 to go after it let Dave

Snellberg get away for three layups in the stretch. But Jones came to the rescue. He slipped in his funny little jump shot from short range and then added the winning point on a free throw.

For a while Memphis State looked like a team that could give the favorites trouble. Urged on by four pretty cheerleaders who had the Garden jumping with their gyrating versions of the twist, the big Tigers broke away from Fordham in the last half and won 70-49. But the twisters couldn't help against Canisius. The Griffs soon found a simple way to beat Memphis State's zone. Tony Gemari and Dick McCloy shot over it for 34 points, and Bill O'Connor, a robust 305-pounder, pushed in 27 more, mostly from underneath the basket. Despite this, and the loss of four starters on fouls, Hunter Beckman, a crewcut shooter who scored 30 points, kept his team in the game until the last three minutes, when Canisius pulled away to win 76-67.

St. Louis and Miami also scored first-round victories, but barely. St. Louis, locked in a close struggle with La Salle, got help from an unexpected source. With Bill Nordmann, his starting center, in foul trouble, Coach John Benington decided in the closing minutes to gamble with Gil Beckmeier, a 6-foot-10 third-stringer, then hoping to control the rebounds. Beckmeier did more than that. He sank three turn-around jump shots off the pivot in the last two minutes and won the game for the Bills 62-61.

St. Francis of Brooklyn had bigger Miami on the run for a long time. Except for Mike McCoy, a lithe 7-foot-1 center who scores from outside (and did for most of his 29 points), the Hurricanes shot badly and handled the ball worse. With Jim Raftery driving off a high post for 23 points, St. Francis was ahead 66-65 with 3:38 to play. Then Raftery fouled out, and Miami went on to win 71-70 on McCoy's layup.

## THE SMALL COLLEGES

The names weren't as big but the crowds were as enthusiastic and the stakes just as high in Evansville, Ind. and Kansas City, where small-college championships were settled last week.

There were less than two minutes to play in the NCAA College Division title game in Evansville when Bob Glasrud of South Dakota State came off the bench to perform some improbable feats. Wittenberg, the na-

tion's No. 1 small-college team, had trailed the taller and faster Jackrabbits by 10 points early in the first half, but the Tigers stuck with their tantalizing stall that is as effective as a lullaby. Satisfyingly lulled, State began pressing for shots. In the meantime, Wittenberg played the percentages and led 41-38 going into the last minute. But the percentage makers never dealt with a Glasrud, a 6-foot-3 sophomore who had played so briefly in Dakota's earlier tournament games that he hadn't taken so much as a single shot. He waited until there were only 55 seconds left to try his first one. It was from 25 feet out, and it went in. After Wittenberg got a point on a free throw, Glasrud took his second shot, another 25-footer, with 20 seconds to go. It, too, went in and the score was tied at 42-42.

Now it was Wittenberg that lost its poise. With 10 seconds remaining, it missed a shot from outside. State's Nick Bred got the rebound and fired it to Sid Bostic. He looked up at the scoreboard, which mistakenly had Wittenberg ahead 42-41. Thus Bostic thought his team was still behind. So he threw a desperation shot some 40 feet. In it went, giving the Jackrabbits the game, 44-42, and the championship.

"It was a lousy shot to win a championship game with," said Bostic after the game. "At the last moment I lost my balance and ended up shooting off the wrong foot. How wrong can you be and still be right?"

"Both of my shots were off balance, too," said Glasrud. But nobody believed him. He had taken two shots in the tournament and hit both. He went home bawling 1,000.

"I feel a little foolish," said Dakota Coach Jim Iverson. "I've been telling these kids all year to pass up the bad shot. Those three shots in the last minute were the worst I've ever seen. But they're also the prettiest."

"There must be an easier way to lose," said Wittenberg Coach Eldon Miller.

The big man in Kansas City was 6-foot-9 Lucious Jackson, a bulky 240-pounder who has two ambitions in life: to grow three more inches and to play with the Boston Celtics. He might just do both. Rebounding well and stuffing in points, he led his Pan American College team from Edinburg, Texas past Peru (Neb.) State 83-48, Stinson 64-41, Northern Michigan 59-73 and top-seeded GrandRap 90-83 on the way to the NAIA final against Western Carolina, a hot-shooting club from Cullowhee, N.C.

Western, with a splendid outside shooter in Mel Gibson, threw up a testy zone after the Broncos, hoping to keep Jackson from getting the ball. But Lucious got it anyway. While teammates Mitchell Edwards, Jim McGurk and Marty Fiddle shot from the outside, Jackson poured in 25 points and grabbed 25 rebounds. That was enough for Pan American to win 73-62.

When Jackson totted up his score for the week it showed 132 points and 93 rebounds in five games and the tournament's Most Valuable Player award.



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## INDEX

Sirs:

Being an avid Dodger fan, I want to thank you for your article (*An Ugly Matter of One Index Finger*, March 4) on Sandy Koufax. Robert Creamer did an excellent job of covering this great pitching star. He even managed to include some humor about that finger, something true Dodger fans don't even like to talk about. Most Angelinos have a quiet confidence that Sandy will continue his amazing career and that they can forget about that temporarily bared finger.

BARBARA STARK

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sirs:

The implication that Koufax's finger injury cost the Dodgers the pennant last year is ridiculous. True, he is a pitcher of magnificent talent, but injuries play as great a part in the breaks of baseball as a Texas leaguer does. The champion Giants were themselves plagued by injuries throughout the season. Pitching aces Billy Pierce and Juan Marichal were each lost for a month, not to mention the off-and-on ailments of Jim Davenport and Felipe Alou. To top it off, there was Willie Mays's illness near the season's finish, and the tragic loss of budding star Mike McCormick's pitching effectiveness.

It seems to me this effects any excuse for the Dodgers not winning the pennant.

ANDY AFTER

Lauchmont, N.Y.

## ODD SOX

Sirs:

I realize that every year about this time you receive numerous letters from biased ball fans arguing how great their home team is. But I was amazed to see that the odds were 1,000 to 1 against Boston's winning the American League title (For the Record, March 11). I was more surprised to see that they were placed on equal basis with Kansas City and Washington.

When New Englanders start talking about their team during spring training or any time, for that matter something's up. Boston finally has a pennant contender. Somebody has apparently mistaken the Red Sox for the Bruins. They're not!

BILL HEUER

Auburn, Mass.

Sirs:

The odds against the Phillies winning the pennant are 300 to 1. These are also the odds for Chicago, Houston and New York.

How can you even compare these other teams with the Phillies? After all, who changed from a record losing streak to a winning season? And what team's manager was voted Manager of the Year? I feel this is all unfair.

BLAIR WARNER

Haverford, Pa.

## LAY OFF

Sirs:

"Cincinnati will win the NCAA?" Lay off, you guys. For two years straight you "favored" Ohio State, and now you're gunning for the Bearcats. Cincy can do it again, but without your help. Hands off—please.

JANET RICHARDS

Cincinnati

Sirs:

In the past you have picked us Ohio Buckeyes. This year when the chips are down, you desert us! You'll be sorry.

MARY COUSEN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

In your March 11 issue you rate Cincinnati, Ohio State and Loyola of Chicago the three best teams in the Midwest. Wichita has beaten all three of these teams. In the Southwest, you rate Arizona State first and Texas Western third. Wichita has beaten both of these teams also. In the national polls Wichita is rated sixth although they have beaten everybody in the top five except Duke, and they haven't played Duke. In four games with Western Athletic Conference members Wichita has won four. In four games with Big Ten members Wichita has won, by an average of 20 points, four games. In short, it seems Wichita isn't the best team in the nation. It only beats the best.

FREDRICK L. MARRS

Wichita, Kans.

## WELCOME MISS

Sirs:

Three cheers to President Colvard and Coach McCarthy of Mississippi State University for bringing their Bulldogs into the NCAA tournament. Win, lose or draw, they will give everyone in the country a chance to see the caliber of teams in the Southeastern Conference.

For years we have heard about these big, powerful football teams of the SEC, but by whose standards? They never (or seldom) play outside of their conference. How do we know if they could hold their own in the Mid-American Conference? Well, at last we

will get a chance to see what their basketball champs can do at East Lansing.

CARL E. RUTKE

Toledo

## ROCK OF AGES

Sirs:

The article by Huston Horn on the 11 men behind Cassius Clay (March 11) really gave me a good laugh. Saying that these 11 men with their "hand-me-down family money" are in this to make sure Mr. Clay doesn't get the money treatment Joe Louis got is the best joke since Silky Sullivan ran in the Kentucky Derby.

The only thing on these guys' minds is that Telstar production that Limber Lip Clay is talking about, with an \$11 million purse, which would give them \$1 million each. Anyway, here's one former boxing fan who wouldn't give a green stamp to watch Limber Lip, Patterson, Liston and the whole heavyweight division. The Rock, at his present age, could fight all of them on the same night and not even work up a sweat.

JAMES M. KEUNE

New Orleans

Sirs:

I hope that your fascinating article on Cassius Clay did not jinx his prediction in his fight with Jones. The article was particularly interesting to me because Bill Faversham is an acquaintance of mine. The plan was formulating in his mind when he was spending a weekend down here with some mutual friends a number of years ago. During the course of an evening I mentioned that I would like a "piece" of Clay also. I doubt that I would have been let into the syndicate, but I never followed it up and I have been kicking myself ever since.

To think now that a paltry \$2,800 might be worth \$150,000 in the near future makes me groan.

To Cassius I say as Brutus to his nameake:

You say you are a better fighter:  
Let it appear so, make your winning  
true,  
And I shall please me well.

All the luck in the world to Cassius and his 11 men.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

## HATCH RACE

Sirs:

Since your writers have already conceded Candy Spots the Kentucky Derby, I would

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND... **BOTTLED** IN SCOTLAND

like to tell them about common sense. Candy Spots, a notorious come-from-behind horse, has won five races by a total of 4½ lengths and yet he is supposed to be a magnificent 3-year-old.

It would seem the fast-breaking Never Bend has the advantage in their two-horse duel come early May.

JOHN MORRA

Toronto

Sirs:

Even with his losses in the rich Sapling, Arlington-Washington Futurity and Garden State, Never Bend won more money than any 2-year-old ever did, breaking First Landing's record. It should be realized that, with the exception of these three races, Never Bend won each of his seven other 1962 starts.

Now look at Candy Spots' first 1963 outing. He narrowly beat *Benjour* by a nose, definitely not exhibiting the championship form that Whinny Tower gives him credit for. Never Bend, on the other hand, easily won his prep race.

Unfortunately, the two horses may not meet until May 4, and one could hardly call the Kentucky Derby a true test of racing skill. I only hope that the two will meet again, possibly in the Belmont, so that the public can really see which horse is better in a first-rate test. For either of them to win at the Belmont's exacting distance of a mile and a half after the campaign they will probably put in up until that time will prove that we really do have a champion.

JERRY D. RUINER

Cleveland

NEW STATUS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article on polo in the Feb. 4 issue (*Polo's New Associates Move In*). It's good to see that the U.S. has progressed from playing the game as a status symbol to enjoying it for the fine sport it is. The change has given the game a much-needed shot in the arm.

Polo is and always will be the most exciting and fascinating of games because of its standing alone as the only sport where the athletic attributes of a man must be coupled with those of an animal.

I have only one difference with your writer. Polo ponies are not caviars from the racetrack. True, they may not have the speed and dash of our racing Thoroughbreds, but the main distinction is that horses are not even started at the game until the age of 5 when many racetrack Thoroughbreds have either broken down or have been let out to pasture. The harsh physical demands of polo cannot be carried by a horse until his bone and muscle development has been completed. That, you probably know, is the great criticism of our "sport of

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#### 18TH HOLE

kings"—that they risk the danger of 2 and 3 years old

THOMAS J. BIDDLE

San Francisco

#### HIGH COST OF QUAIL

Sirs,

I can't agree more with the concluding statement in your article (*Upland Shooting Done on Florida's Gulf Coast*, March 4) that this kind of hunting is giving new stature to preserve shooting. For Kellogg, Kimberly and entourage, who can afford a fee of \$1,250, that is. Meanwhile, those of us with less stature, who think state license fees are high, will content ourselves with using our guns as ornaments and getting our kicks from embellished articles such as these:

CARL G. STUMPF

Appleton, Wis.

Sirs,

Virginia Kraft states that preserve shooting is the best and she thinks that all hunters should take advantage of this. Well, I don't know about Mrs. Kraft, but when the temperature gets to zero here I can't hop into my private plane and zoom to the nearest southern preserve like one of the men that she mentioned in her article. Also, every time that I want to go hunting I can't shell out \$35 at the least to go out and shoot eight little quail which will give me a little more than one good-size dinner. If I did have the money I wouldn't be up here in the first place.

I think that the 99% of the people who, like me, can't afford to shoot this way will just have to be happy with good old open shooting for a little over a month.

JOHN S. WHITEAKER

Fairless Hills, Pa.

#### OSCAR? JERRY?

Sirs,

Congratulations to Mr. Eggert on a fine article in the Feb. 25 issue on the great I. Aker-Celtic rivalry (*Basketball at Its Tanglest*). It was excellently written and very stimulating. But when I read the statements of Mr. Sandrock in the 19th Hole (March 11) I was stunned. Mr. Sandrock stated that Jerry West isn't enough of a basketball player to carry Oscar Robertson's traveling bag. Anyone in his right mind knows that this statement is vice versa. True, Oscar is a fine ballplayer, but he could never on his best night come near to Jerry West.

JAMES DENON

Cokerate, Minn.

Sirs,

Tell Mr. Alvin Sandrock that he can have all the Oscar Robertsons in the world, I'll take Jerry West.

ZIR REED

Glenville, W. Va.



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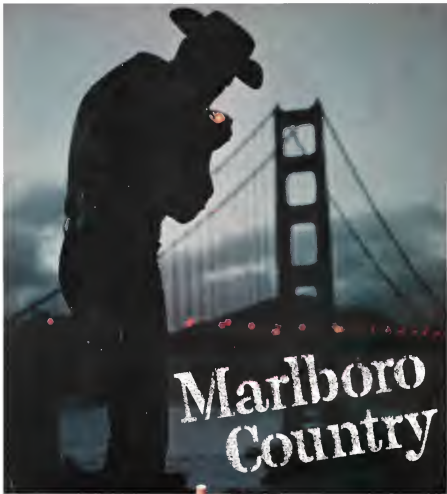
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